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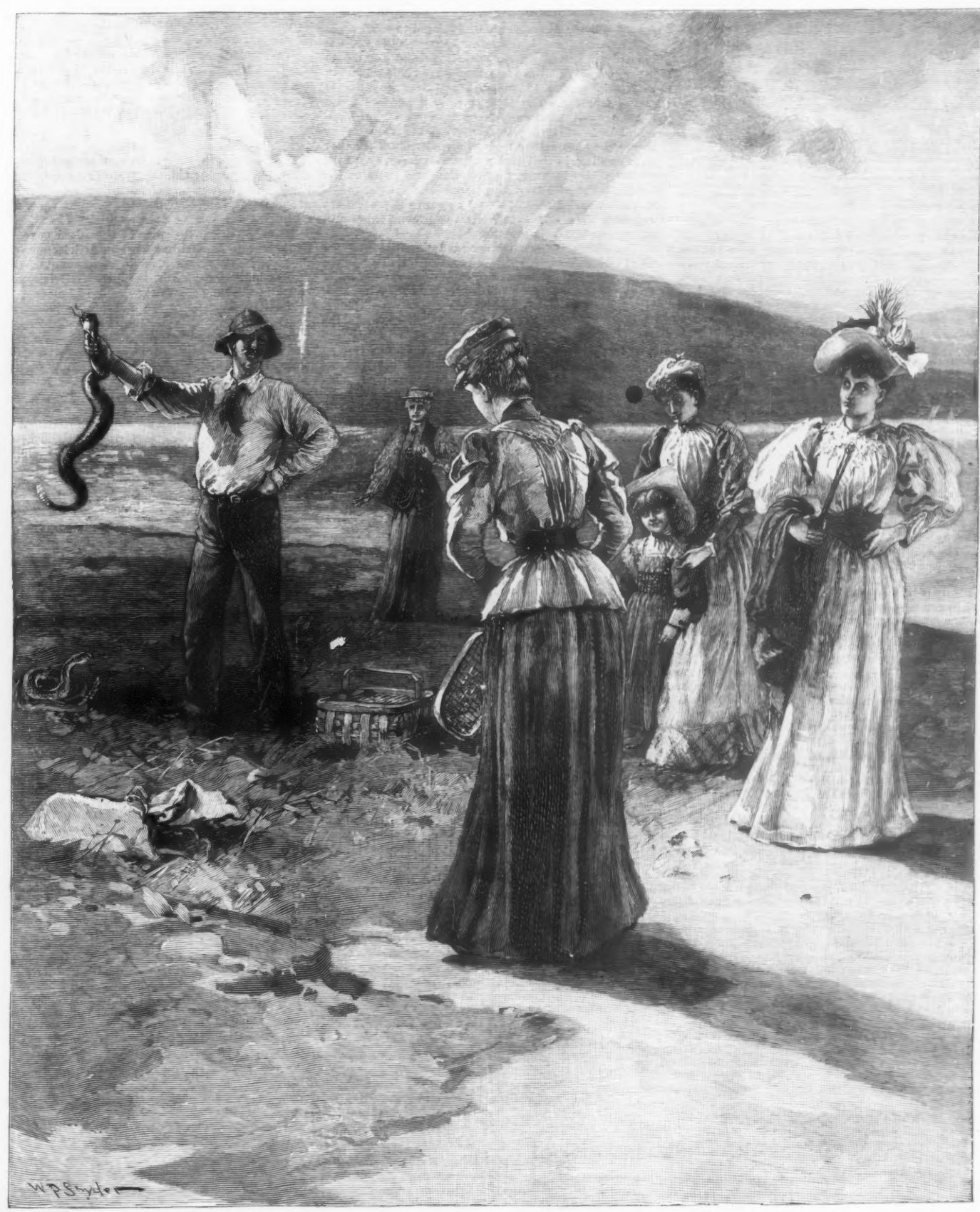
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1893.

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THE RATTLESNAKE VENDER AT LAKE GEORGE.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. P. Snyder.—See page 3.)

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 223 West 19th Street, New York.
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Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.
We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

HAVE the protected industries nothing to say?

PEOPLE generally are talking money more and handling it less just now than at any other time since New Year's.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL BISSELL announces that letter-carriers for second-class offices will not be dismissed for political reasons.

CAPTAIN H. M. JONES, British Minister to Siam, acting under orders cabled from London, maintains a strictly non-committal attitude in the matter of the Franco-Siamese imbroglio.

A GREAT many of the recent bank failures and business failures were simply cases of closing up branch houses, to enable the parent house the better to take care of itself. Nobody was hurt.

THE lady managers of the World's Fair have as much right to discuss questions in all their ramifications as the gentlemen managers have, and both of them seem to be having a delightful time.

OUR readers will be interested in knowing that the *Vesmirnyia Illustratsia* of St. Petersburg, is reprinting from ONCE A WEEK the series of "Chats on Journalism," written by Julius Chambers.

It is expected that for the ten days ended August 20 twenty-million dollars in gold will have come back from Europe. About September 20 we will begin to see who tried to scare business and the extra session of Congress.

NEPOTISM is growing flagrant again. It is charged that Government situations at Washington are all filled by sons and daughters of Congressmen, failing whom the offices go to the next of kin. As a representative of the great unrecognized and unrelated, we object. Here, waiter!

OUR esteemed contemporary the *Recorder* is right. We heard of the failures, but we did not hear of the thousands of substantial houses and factories that did not fail or even shut down temporarily. Calamity is always noisy and self-assertive. How much of the late stringency was artificial?

THE New York *World* has a new editor, Colonel Charles H. Jones, late editor and still stockholder of the *St. Louis Republic*. If the circulation men can handle the figures, and Colonel Jones keeps up his *Republic* record, the *World* will soon enter upon a fresh period of the Arabic notation.

TURKEY is little short of fendish in its outrages upon Armenian Christians, and China is about to commence another attack upon Christian missionaries. Christian governments are very busy at present trying to overreach one another, and the ghastly prospect is that the blood of martyrs will be shed in heathen lands, not a hand raised in their defense.

OUR real millionaires, whose millions are in great properties earning dividends and giving employment to hundreds of thousands of workmen, are not all vociferous for the repeal of the Sherman Law. They are, as a class, remarkably silent, considering the interests they have at stake and the appalling calamity in store for them in the coming financial and industrial cataclysm.

It is reported that Secretary of the Navy Herbert is to marry a Georgia belle who has literary tastes and many social graces, has traveled extensively and has a papa worth ten million dollars. That matrimonial bark would have equipment sufficient for a whole White Squadron of ordinarily prosperous craft; and yet, we must note, the Secretary of the Navy is entitled to the best.

THE Board of Control, representing the Coney Island, Brooklyn and New York Jockey Clubs, has reduced the value of "overnight purses" for the fall meetings, from one thousand dollars to six hundred. The public has been reducing its bets and its attendance. The talent of late frequently "went broke," and the business threatened to revolve in a vicious circle. Economy is the order of the day, anyhow.

IRON KING COLEMAN of Lebanon, Penn., has been closed up with liabilities at three hundred five hundred

thousand dollars, the cause of his financial stringency being, not his iron, but his Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad. Financial management, starting from Lebanon and bound for the jumping-off place of the North American continent, seems to have covered too much ground and not sufficient assets.

THE President's Message urges the repeal of the Sherman Law and hints at an early reform of the tariff on imports. As the industrial world of protected manufactures will scarce at the latter as much as the monetary world has claimed to be distressed by the Sherman Law, the effect of the Message on business prospects will be very little. When crops begin to move we may expect at least moderate prosperity, and that will be right away, now.

TWO ARGUMENTS.

CONGRESSMAN BRYAN of Nebraska was one of the speakers at the meeting in Omaha, under the auspices of the Bimetallic League. He said: "The issue is joined between the single gold standard and bimetalism. Which shall we have? Increased demand upon gold by its adoption as the sole primary money will increase its value as related to other property. Bimetalism is necessary because under it the unit of value will remain more stable as related to other property and because the entire volume of both metals is needed to supply a sufficient quantity of metallic money. The present ratio is equitable and a change would bring more harm than good. The Sherman Law is wrong in principle, in that it treats money as merchandise rather than as money; but it is better than nothing, in that it supplies more currency for the needs of the increasing population and sustains the bullion value of silver, thus making a return to bimetalism easier than it would be with the present act repealed. We must stand by the present law until something better is proposed."

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD writes as follows in his letter to the New York *Herald*: "Whatever views may be sustained, or are at least asserted, in the rarefied air of the mountains, where the silver miners dig gold out of the Treasury, there is one imposing fact before the nations of the earth, and it is that such has been the excessive and economical production of the cheaper of the precious metals that full bimetalism is no longer practicable. When there is a difference between the coinage and the market value of a metal of fifty per cent something must be done or the metal will cease to be the measure of value. We must make choice between gold and silver, and there are two conclusive reasons why we should prefer gold. First, it is and has been since the resumption of specie payments our standard. Second, we are one of the richest nations in labor, capital, soil, mines, roads, waters and climate, and, including all, the people of the greatest resources. We only take our natural position when we walk at the head of the procession."

These are two very clear and concise arguments. They should be studied carefully. Both of them contain statements of extraordinary pith and moment.

ELLIS ISLAND EPISODE.

ESTHER WISEMAN with two children and DORA KRAPOTSKI with one child landed at Ellis Island from Russia last week, saying they were sisters and had come to join their husbands in this country. They were held in the detention pen.

Two men from New York went over to the island to claim them. They gave their names as KALMAN WENGRISOWITZ and HENRY KUTCHOWSKY. KALMAN selected ESTHER, saying they had been married four years and had one child. Questioned apart by the inspector the woman said she had been married ten years and had three children. KUTCHOWSKY when asked to point out his wife selected ESTHER. "That's mine," said KALMAN. "Oh, yes, I have made a mistake," said HENRY, "this is mine," pointing to DORA. The two fraudulent husbands were taken back to New York by the policeman on duty.

The husband of ESTHER lives in Albany, and is said to be married to another woman, and now the wronged wife is held at Ellis Island. DORA has been discharged.

This is all in striking contrast to the devotion and fidelity of the earlier immigrants. There can be no doubt that at present many such false claims are attempted in this case are carried out by certain classes of immigrants. So many cases of desertion are discovered among the latter-day immigrants that the actual instances of such cruelty and injustice must be numerous.

Why not include runaway husbands and runaway wives among the list of undesirables? Or is it the abandoned wife, as in this case, who is to be detained, because her husband chooses to abandon her?

AID FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE remedy is very simple. The large majority of American workmen need nothing but a chance to help themselves, and there is room in this country for all. Government appropriations for colonizing working-people of small or moderate means in farm villages, on the unoccupied public lands as grain farmers or graziers, close to undeveloped mineral deposits and valuable timber belts, would be in the line of the constitutional requirement "to promote the general welfare."

Increased facilities, labor-saving machines and more thorough organization of business under keener executive management have thrown thousands of men out of employment, by a gradual process, even though great enterprises have been forging ahead and the aggregate business of the cities has been vastly increased at the same time. The increased population of the cities should tend to drive the workman to the independence of the home, where he can at first feed himself and his family, and eventually become the owner of real property. It is the function of the Government to recognize and foster this tendency, and to aid all schemes of organization for the more equal, more evenly balanced and more profitable distribution of its citizens.

Great Government enterprises, giving temporary relief, are good as far as they go; but this evil of overcrowded cities on the one hand, and undeveloped natural resources and possible homes for contented millions on the other, is radical, not transitory. We need a numerous, rooted middle class in this country, who will be a check against the discontent of the homeless as well as against the designs of the over-ambitious people of great wealth.

Government appropriations should be directed at once toward filling up the waste places by a thoroughly organized system of domestic colonization.

EVOLUTION OF EXCHANGE.

WHEN men dealt by means of barter, equality was not essential. It was largely a question of choice, each of the two parties to the deal preferring the article which the other had to offer in exchange. And the bargain was consummated, both were satisfied, and one of them was, from the modern point of view, usually "beat."

Society reached the stage of organized government and the State decreed that certain articles constituted money. Not only was it unlawful to counterfeit these tokens, but it was against both the civil law and the canon law to take money for the use of money.

But the wealthy overcame this prejudice in the course of time, largely because the wealthy began to rule the intending borrowers. Interest became lawful and not sinful, if kept within certain not very well-defined limits, which are easy to elude in any event.

Next the money-lender, the bank, the investor, began to inquire into this thing which governments call money. Fortunes have been piled up with brass, copper, silver and gold; but, looking over the first three, the fortunate ones became alarmed at their utter and increasing commonness. They prefer the gold. England, Austria, Germany and the rest of Europe make haste, one after another, to get up to the gold standard. China is not disturbed and sticks to silver. So does India, a country that seems to have golden Great Britain in a tight place. If the gold standard is adopted in India, British gold will accumulate there, because India sells more than she buys.

Money-lenders have advanced from a position of getting interest on money to the still prouder and loftier eminence of supremacy, from which they proclaim to the world what money shall be.

The evolution of exchange proves that money has been doing remarkably well through the centuries. There is nothing like it.

TOO WARM FOR THIS.

OLD Fred Douglass, the colored orator, was greatly wrought up in the Chicago Suffrage Congress by Stephen B. Weeks, a professor of Trinity College, North Carolina, who read a paper on "Negro Suffrage in the South." The professor said: "Negro suffrage is a failure. It must remain a failure so long as it is not an ally of the white vote. No man who has not lived in a negro land knows what negro domination is. It means the destruction of property, ruin and bankruptcy."

When Professor Weeks had finished, Douglass, who was on the platform, arose and made an impassioned reply. "You are not afraid of negro domination," he said. "The negro never can rule this country. He would be outvoted by the sixty million of whites and overwhelmed by your superior intelligence. There is no opposition to the negro in the South until he aspires to rise. So long as he is ignorant and lazy no one disturbs him. If he aspires to become a lawyer or a doctor he at once becomes an upstart."

The professor from Trinity College made no reply. Despite the Fifteenth Amendment, this problem will probably be solved by the Southern States themselves. Nothing can be gained by discussing it from this standpoint, either in the North or South. Harmony of action and the education of the Southern negro to be a harmonious instead of a disturbing element down there are a work to be done by patience and tact, and not a theme for heated discussion in the heated term.

SILVER RESOLUTIONS.

At the caucus of the silver men held in the Hall of the House at Washington August 9 the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we will support a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, and concurrently providing for the free and untrammelled coinage of silver, with full legal tender quality on such a ratio as will provide and maintain the parity between gold and silver. Be it further

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed by the chairman of this conference to draft and introduce such a bill and take proper steps to secure the full and free discussion and consideration thereof and a vote of the House upon the bill and all proper amendments.

PENSION reformers the other day announced the "find" of a man in New England drawing a pension for being bald-headed. A Bridgeport (Conn.) man, who gives his full name and address, wrote to the *New York Morning Advertiser* offering to bet five hundred dollars to five that no man was ever granted a pension in this country for such cause. The Bridgeport man may keep his money. What the pension reformers mean is, that a certain New England pensioner, who is bald-headed, draws a pension. As the reformers could see nothing wrong with the pensioner, such as premature old age, varicose veins or that insidious paralysis that comes from excessive hardships in young manhood, they concluded it must be the bald head that was drawing the pension. The reformers are not looking for reasons why pensions should be granted; but rather why they should not be granted. In the troublous days—1861-65—there were reformers who were seeking excuses why they themselves should not go to the front; and, on the other hand, soldiers who invented excuses, reasons, pretexts, fibs, to enable them (not the reformers) to go. The soldiers now are entitled to a scrutiny of reasons why, as well as they were then. It is poor pension reform that can see nothing the matter with a bald-headed pensioner except the bald head. The pension purgers have very little to do anyhow, except to catch fraudulent pensioners.

YELLOW FEVER carried off two victims at Pensacola August 8. The people were panic-stricken when the official announcement was made, and nearly two thousand left the city on the first train. Between the pest ships from Europe and the pest-breeding regions of the American tropics we are likely to have all the quarantine we can attend to this summer. The Pacific coast would doubtless be threatened periodically with both cholera and leprosy were it not for our Chinese exclusion laws. Why not apply this object lesson with reference to certain classes of European immigrants—at least this summer? This country is not at present suffering for bone and sinew and liberty-loving immigrants. Times are hard, money is said to be not only scarce but doubtful, and if Europe has the only money, it ought to take care of some of its children and of all of its cholera, poverty, victims of oppression, crushed humanity and Anarchists.

ADVICES received by the steamer *Empress of India* give full particulars of the murder of Swedish missionaries on July 1 in Sung Pu. The missionaries, the Revs. Mr. Wikholm and Johansen, arrived in Sung Pu in April last and were the only missionaries in that town. Sung Pu is an important market place and contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants. When the missionaries first went there they rented a Chinese house in the busy part of the town, which they continued to occupy up to the time of their death. They had their Christian servants with them, and this little household of five people was the only Christian spot in a large town peopled with the most ferocious and bitter enemies of Christianity to be found on the face of the earth.

DR. ROBERT LINCOLN WATKINS, a graduate of the Medical College of the University of the city of New York, caused himself to be inoculated, July 26, with the germs of phthisis or consumption. According to the prevailing medical theory on the subject, consumption will fully develop in ten weeks, after which time the life of Dr. Watkins cannot be saved. The doctor does not fear the bacillus germ. He maintains that the germ is harmless, and that all consumptives have a fatal taint which makes the bacillus operative. If recent French investigations of tuberculosis are to be relied on, Dr. Watkins is right. As he is submitting to the inoculation in the cause of science and suffering humanity it is hoped he may come out of it safe and sound.

The earthquake region of the Pacific occasionally takes an excursion, quietly beneath the placid waters, to California. San Francisco and San Diego had a night shake at 1 A.M. on August 9—the most severe since 1868. At the latter place a few chimneys and windows were shattered, but at 'Frisco no damage was reported. If we owned Hawaii and could confine the American earthquake industry to that group of islands, our neighbors on the Slope might be saved these seismic annoyances until that far-distant noon when California will be either in the thick of the earthquake region or forever out of it. The extra session might take up the question after the repeal of the Sherman Law restores full confidence and brings back prosperity.

A Miss ELLIOTT, claiming to be a graduate of Oberlin University, has been turning a few New York negroes white. Her *modus operandi* is to take the black skin off by means of a lotion, after which a "perfect complexion" develops. The process of skinning is somewhat painful, but the patients are no doubt strengthened by blonde and brunette anticipations. Miss Elliott herself has long since shed her own Ethiopian cuticle. One of her subjects appeared in a New York police court the other day with a face on which the Caucasian and the Ethiopian were struggling for recognition in such a way as to suggest smallpox or leprosy. Miss Elliott's lotion circulates mostly in the Tenderloin District.

THE unemployed workmen of New York City will petition Governor Flower to call an extra session of the Legislature to start public works for their benefit. Even if these works are started, they cannot last always. New York and all our other large cities are overcrowded with workmen. There is plenty of room for them, to not only make a living, but to start new towns and villages in parts of the United States where brave and forehanded men and their families are at present pining for a few more neighbors. On the other hand, a few neighbors less would not seriously interfere with the unloneliness of any of our crowded blocks.

It is rumored that the late Cordage Trust paid dividends for a while out of the capital stock and borrowed money, instead of out of the earnings. As such a proceeding involves perjury on the part of some of the officials, criminal proceedings may be instituted. At last accounts,



A CAPTIVE KING: A SCENE ON AN INDIAN PUBLIC HIGHWAY.

"While traveling with troops near Bombay we were surprised one day, on returning from our morning ride, to find a captive tiger at our gates. He was in charge of a native, who traveled round the country exhibiting him for such small sums as he could realize from casual wayside spectators."

the Cordage Company was about to be reorganized bigger, stronger, more far-reaching than ever. Unearned dividends paid out for effect, and to humor intending purchasers of stock, do not hurt Cordage, it seems. They were intended for the victims.

THE State Department will ask for a deficiency appropriation of about one hundred thousand dollars. The Behring Sea case, the entertainment of distinguished foreign visitors and other extra expenses are the cause of the deficiency. We had the pleasure—some of us—of meeting the Infanta, the Columbian Duke of Veragua, and, on a liberal estimate, that was worth a part of the sum total. Now, if the Behring Sea business will save our seal pups, we may jump accounts with Secretary Gresham.

MR. PETER JACKSON has returned from England. As Peter is a pugilist who talks little for publication, he is one of the notable arrivals. Another notable feature about him is that he carries canes and umbrellas enough to equip an outdoor slugging match, rain or shine. When asked by a *Tribune* reporter to say something about his prospective antagonist, Mr. Corbett, the scribe says Peter called for his rhetorical sawbuck. He is sawing wood at present, and will take in Mount Clement, Mich., later on.

THE wheat of the Pacific Northwest is now in a fair way to reach Europe as cheaply as the wheat of Minnesota and Dakota, the rate in each case being about thirty-three cents per bushel. The railroad and steamship lines of the Pacific Northwest have made special efforts to give that region a chance, and their action should be commended as an example worthy of imitation. Transportation companies will always make money by a liberal policy toward all the territory they are supposed to serve.

THOMAS C. PLATT says he is not out of New York State politics; Senator Hill has prepared a financial and monetary scheme that neither Bourke Cockran nor President Cleveland has revised; Senator Murphy is said to be losing favor with the New York State "machine," and Ward McAllister will not tell the reporters what he knows about his daughter-in-law's divorce. Empire State and metropolis city though we be, we cannot stand this suspense and these apparent bluffs during the hot weather.

CHOLERA has been captured at New York Quarantine and the authorities are prepared to keep it there. It came from Naples. The *Massilia* arrived from Italian ports without any sickness on board, and an official cablegram from Naples states that every precaution is taken against allowing suspected immigrants to take passage. There is to be no carelessness either abroad or at home, and the situation is not particularly threatening. Still, vigilance on this side is in order.

HAWAII is doing well under the Provisional Government. All the crown lands have been vested in the Government as a trust, and they are to be divided up and settled. A National Guard of four hundred are being drilled, and their arms and uniforms are soon expected. The water supply of Honolulu will be increased. But the most significant fact is, that the July collections of personal taxes were twice as great as last year. The Yankee is in Honolulu.

At the beginning of the year the national banks, savings banks and State and private banks of this country held deposits amounting to \$4,667,000,000. During the financial stringency at least ten per cent. of this was withdrawn and hoarded. The money was good enough to hoard and the alleged want of confidence was not of a nature to tie up any of it, except in the case of the over-timid. Is the American dollar as doubtful as it has been painted?

WE call the attention of Gentleman James J. Corbett to the fact that devotion to the manly art led to a killing on the West Side of New York the other day, in the presence of three hundred admirers of the sport. As Mitchell does not want to fight anyhow, why does not Mr. Corbett stay on the stage? A little slugging at the end of the play will let pugilism die easy after a while, as it should.

NEWSPAPER reporters are reaping a rich harvest of interviews from the indiscreet among clergy and laity, anent the probable action of Monsignor Satolli. If noth-

ing else can deter these lay and reverend gentlemen, may we, without offense, suggest the well-known fact that reporters never spoil a good thing by withholding a few and sometimes many extra touches from the outside?

DR. PARKHURST and the Society for the Prevention of Crime have furnished the New York Police Department with a long list of disorderly houses, calling for their suppression. Being definite and detailed charges, these must of course be investigated and disposed of.

It is reported that, when the Emperor of Germany heard of the slight dispute between France and England over the Siamese affair, he was much pleased, and made the jocular remark: "Now the dance is going to begin." It sounds just like William.

GOLD invariably comes over from Europe in the autumn to pay for American agricultural products. There is nothing remarkable about the present inflow, except that it is smaller and slower than usual.

BALFOUR is a friend of silver coinage on the ground that bimetalism will keep both gold and silver more steady in value, thus making a more desirable standard than either coin alone.

HON. LAWRENCE T. NEAL has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio.

THE WORLD'S FAIR NOVEL.

"Alice Ashland" has a first-rate description of a typical Chicago race-track during a leading "event." There is a villain guardian, who controls his associate guardian with a hypnotism and a tight grip worthy of the most successful specimens of the type, and the result of their joint work is to almost marry Alice Ashland to an adventurer and man-about-town, who is from the East, but is very much at home in Chicago. The man-about-town has a designing married sister, who gains the confidence of Alice Ashland, whose home and fortune are in California.

The development of the plot, and its ultimate failure, are described with touches and in a sprightly narrative that are strictly up to date. Subscribers will receive this very clever novel with the next issue of ONCE A WEEK, Vol. XI., No. 20.

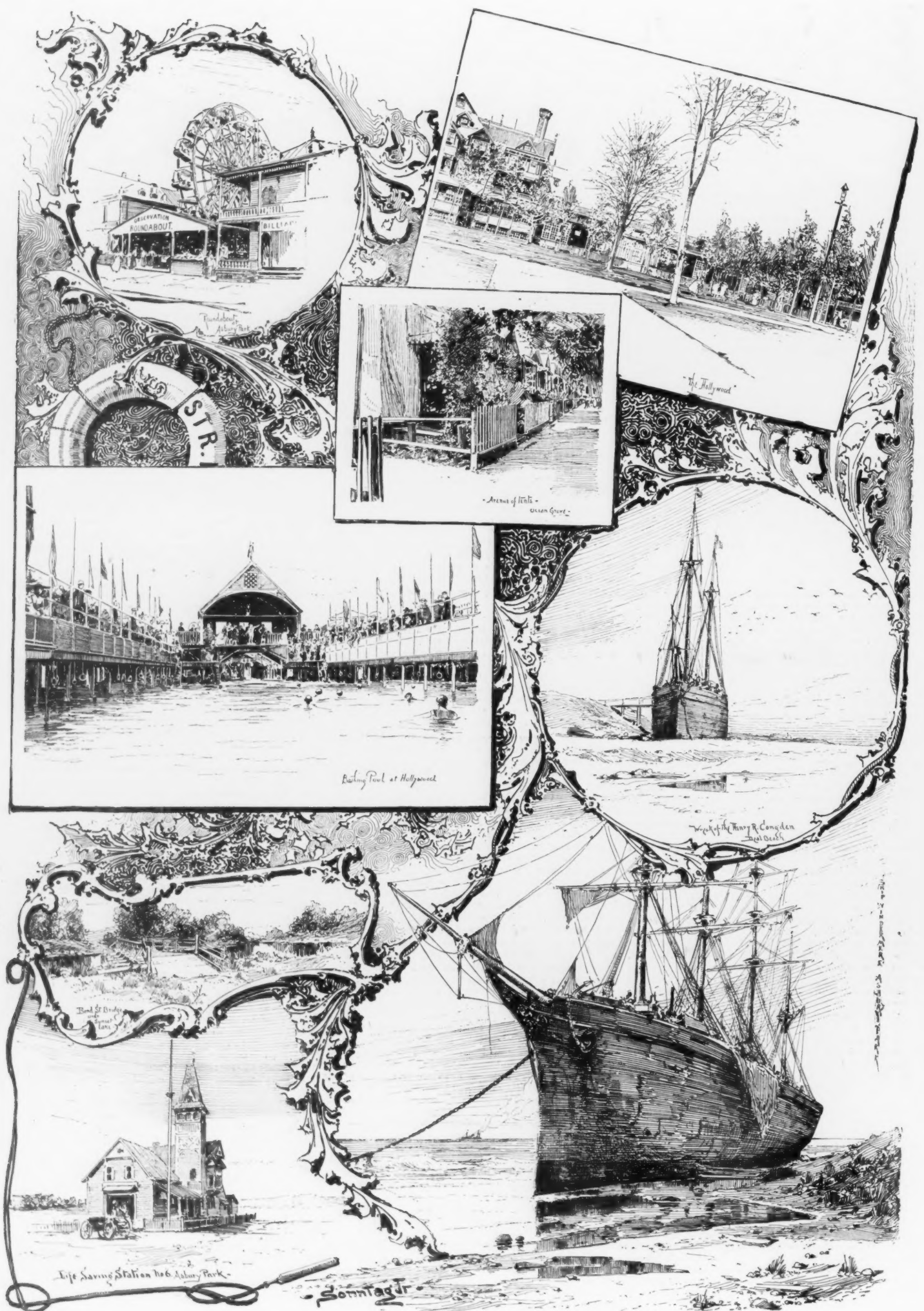
HOW THE GOLD WAS BROUGHT.

THE first large shipment of gold from Europe to this country arrived on Saturday, August 5, by the Cunard Liner *Umbria*. It consisted of forty boxes of bullion to the value of one million five hundred thousand dollars. The boxes were small wooden ones banded with iron, the average weight of each being ninety or one hundred pounds. They were stored in what is known as the Specie Room, a 5x10 compartment, situated in the center of the ship on the cabin deck, and built of iron and steel. The entrance to this room is through two doors, an outer one of heavy oak and an inner one of steel. The keys are kept in the ship's safe in charge of the purser, who gives a receipt for the gold and is responsible for its safe delivery. In removing the gold from the ship the boxes were placed, one at a time, in a canvas pouch, which two of the ship's men carried to a truck on the wharf. Each truck was accompanied by a representative of the consignee, to whom the purser handed over the charge of the gold.

ONCE A WEEK is indebted to the courtesy of Captain Dutton of the *Umbria* for facilitating the obtaining of information and other material for publication.—(See page 8.)

THE RATTLESNAKE VENDER.

IN the hills and mountains that surround Lake George the "Rattler" finds his home, and here the enterprising snake hunter finds his snakeship, seizes him with impunity in winter and early spring, and robs him of his hide before he has a chance to warm himself up for resistance. It is noticeable that he always selects a cool day for his exhibition of snake charming. The rattler, like other snakes, is torpid and languid in the cold, but in warm weather is active and dangerous. The skin vender relies on his exhibition to attract notice to his wares.—(See front page.)



PEN-SKETCHES ALONG JERSEY'S SANDY SHORE.

(Drawn for ONCE A WEEK by SONNTAG, JR.—See page 11.)



THE AQUARIUM IN THE FISHERIES BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by C. MENTE.)

THE CLUB FEMININE.

THE New York woman has not observed the ease and good fellowship of the club masculine for nothing, and in the club feminine recently founded under the name of her city she has reproduced the conditions that make club life enjoyable to men. As things have gone the woman's club has simply been one more exaction in a life already given over to the exactions of ceremonial obligations. A man goes to his club for rest and relaxation; a woman to read a paper of her own or to listen to some other woman's paper discoursing on the introduction of Mohammedanism into Africa or the education of child-widows in India. She sits patiently, with an expression of polite interest, because the listener of to-day may be the essayist of tomorrow, and to bore and be bored is part of the ethics of the occasion. Thus the meeting becomes not social but critical. Fancy a man, after a day's professional labor, betaking himself to his club to read an elaborate paper on "A Study into the Revealed Characteristics of the Lost Tribes of Israel," while his confreres sit about in tortur-

ing camp-chairs. There is no such nonsense as this about the mind masculine. A man takes his club, not as a literary strait-jacket or as a form of an intellectual inquisition, but as a place for the refreshment of mind and body.

The aim of the New York Woman's Club is to stimulate social sympathy among women. Isolation is chilling and narrowing in its influence. It is in the warmth of mutual appreciation, the breadth of social recognition, that the best good of life is offered. LILIAN WHITING.

MISS BRADDON has written a new novel called "All Along the River." I remember when I used to sit up at nights and weep over Miss Braddon's heroine's misfortunes. Why don't I do it now? I suppose I am not so tender-hearted as of yore. It suffices me now to glance at the title-page of a new novel and run my eyes over a chapter here and there. Isola Disney is the name of the heroine in "All Along the River"—Miss Braddon always puts half a volume in a name—left alone in a Cornish cot-

tage—husband serving in Burmah—yes, yes, Lord Lot-withiel, of course, of course. There, you have it all. You don't need to be told that the soldier husband comes home and glares and swears and finally forgives Isola on her death-bed. *Cela va sans dire*. A pretty story enough on the whole, but not quite, quite *comme il faut*.

"DADDY" is said to be the favorite ballad of the Princess May—or, as we must now call her, the Duchess of York. I wonder why young women always dote on music of the mournfully heart-rending order? There was a time when I, too, loved "Daddy," but my male relations would have none of it. So it was superannuated from drawing-room service; but as I still retained a sneaking regard for it, I afterward made it do duty with excellent effect in the nursery. The words are simple and interesting enough to catch the attention of a fretful child and the tuneful crooning melody does the rest. A rocking-chair makes a good *obligato*. I wonder if royal ladies ever rock babies to sleep?"

A TALK WITH BISMARCK.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1893.



HEN Paris was completely surrounded in October, 1870, by the army of the Crown Prince, Versailles was the general headquarters of the German troops. At that time I had a rather notable interview with Bismarck, then simply a count and Minister of Foreign Affairs of Prussia, for he had not then risen to the dignity of Chancellor to the German Empire (not founded until January 1, 1871), nor to his subsequent importance in the politics of Europe. What makes the publication of this interview for the first time opportune at the present moment, perhaps, are his recent utterances to visiting delegations at his castle, in which he has pronounced sympathies so different from those generally attributed to this great statesman that I venture to recall a conversation which I believe reveals the innermost political convictions of the man. Before doing so, let us glance at the condition of besieged Paris and the besiegers at that time. I had entered Paris on the last train going into the city on the 16th of September, 1870. After that date all ingress and egress were closed. When this event occurred the Parisians were simply in a state of daze. Napoleon had been dethroned on the 2d of September and the Republic had been declared from the steps of the Hotel de Ville amid the joyful shouts of the populace. But nearly all the foreign, resident and floating population had rushed from Paris at the approach of the victorious Prussians. There were not more than five hundred of other nationalities locked up in the capital, and the greater number of these were doomed to undergo the hardships and privations of the subsequent five months' siege, unparalleled for its rigors in modern times.

I early made up my mind that I would seek the camp of the besieging army at the earliest possible moment. An opportunity offered on the subsequent 27th of October, when a caravan of Americans, Russians and English were permitted to leave the capital, go to the Prussian headquarters, pass through the German lines and seek neutral territory. It happened to be my good luck to be one of these chosen people. Not detailing the tedious march, without food, without rest, over the bleak country beyond the ramparts of Paris, it is enough to say we arrived at the Prussian headquarters in no very favorable condition.

My *laissez-passer* provided that after obtaining sufficient provisions, the party to which I was attached should remain three days in Versailles and immediately quit the army headquarters and pursue its course in the direction of Strasbourg to the Rhine. It was not long before I found out that I was under strict surveillance. I could make no move, I could utter no sound without being followed by spies, and spies indeed were as plentiful almost as the soldiers bearing arms on both sides of that memorable conflict. I had hardly been four hours within the Prussian lines before I was arrested as a spy. I was immediately taken to the lock-up, my pedigree written out, my papers seized; and when it was shown that I was an alien and a newspaper correspondent considerable pressure was taken off. As soon as possible I sent for General Sheridan, who at that time was a favorite with Bismarck, with Moltke, with the King and with all the German princes. Sheridan I had known quite well before he sailed to witness the operations of the French War. The result was that I announced my intention of interviewing Bismarck, and I asked the general if he would further my desire. He hardly seemed very much taken with the idea; however, he said he would do what he could.

After some warnings I was put upon my parole. Upon



I FOUND HIM IN A SHABBLIY FURNISHED ROOM.

my release I immediately sent my card to Count Bismarck, stating my newspaper mission and that the journal which I represented would be glad to know his views upon the existing situation. It was not long before an orderly came to my dingy apartment, stating that Count Bismarck would receive me at 12 M. the following day. I, therefore, had time to prepare in my mind the interrogatories which I purposed to put to this sagacious diplomat. But returning to my apartment shortly after ten o'clock

that night, I was challenged many times and gave the countersign; but was finally arrested and locked up in the caboose until the following morning, and was only released upon my representations of my appointment with Count Bismarck, at about 11:30 A.M. My toilet was in deplorable condition, and I was indeed a grimy-looking newspaper man, sighing for a breakfast or a stoop of brandy



or anything to give me hardihood to meet the man whom I afterward found was a champion inquisitor. As I entered the presence of Bismarck I found him to be in a shabby, unfurnished room on the ground floor of an ordinary peasant's house on the outskirts of Versailles. The only furniture in the room were two wooden-bottom chairs, a pine table covered with a mass of documents and military passes, a camp inkstand and a little rough writing paraphernalia. The most important articles in the room were a box of cigars on the table and a full bottle of brandy with two glasses and a carafe of water. I was a youngster in those days and not much frightened by the august presence of the greatest man in Europe. I presented my passport to Bismarck, duly granted by Mr. Motley, then United States Minister to the Court of St. James. Looking at it attentively, he said: "Ha! From my old friend and college chum, John Motley. Yes, that is his handwriting; I could show you a bushel of his letters."

Here, let me say, although articulating with a very considerable accent, he spoke at least with as much clearness as any German-American born outside of the United States and coming to this country after ten years of age.

"Well, young man," he said, "what do you want? What are you doing here?"

"Well, Count Bismarck," I said, "I came from America to follow the operations of the French army in the interest of my journal."

"But," said the count, laughing, "there is no French army."

"Well," I said, "there was before the fall of the Empire."

"Yes," said Bismarck, "the French thought there was, but they soon found out their error."

"Now," said Bismarck, "you newspaper writers think you are very smart. You came to interview me. Of course I am willing to tell you what I know; the Prussians have nothing to conceal. But I am going to interview you, so have your wits about you."

With that Bismarck arose, handled the bottle of brandy, poured out a table-glass dripping full, filled one himself, tossed it off, which, of course, I did in turn; but before drinking Bismarck said: "Here's to my old friend, John Motley."

"Now," said Bismarck, "tell me as you would write it, what is the condition of Paris? Have you been able to send anything to your paper?"

"Yes," I replied, "I sent by balloon-post a great deal of correspondence; also through the diplomatic mail-bag, passing through your headquarters."

At this Bismarck slightly elevated his eyebrows, as much as to say: "This style of correspondence was, of course, contraband."

"Well," he said, "as you would write it to your journal, what is the present condition of Paris? What do the people say? What do the Americans, the Russians, the English, the Swiss, the Italians—what do they say about the Parisians holding out?"

"Well, count," I said, "they would like to see the

war ended, the siege raised, if it can be done with honor to France. Parisians are not in favor of shedding another drop of blood, nor are they in favor of restoring the empire, nor submitting to any form of government other than a republic. That is the spirit of Paris."

"Republic!" answered Bismarck. "Why, I am a better republican than any Frenchman you ever saw. Why, I am a better republican than any of you Americans ever were. Though perhaps I do belong to the landed aristocracy of Prussia, I am no abject slave of the King. Why, at the recent interview with Jules Favre, at Ferriere, if that Frenchman had halted we could have settled the war. Why, the King dared to tell me that he knew the roads round Paris better than I did, because he had been here with the allied troops in 1815. 'Well,' I said, 'sire, you go your way to be at the rendezvous this morning' (it was a ride of ten miles) 'and I will go my way.' We went our several ways and the King was not on hand, and I settled the fact that the war was to continue," said Bismarck, with a smile of grim satisfaction.

"Now," he said, "these Frenchmen are despotic by their very natures. We Germans believe in strong government, but we do not believe in anarchy and revolution and all their attendant evils. Now, kings are peculiar people. The world does not understand them. Still, like other people, they are human."

"For instance," said Bismarck, "I will go to my sovereign and make a proposition; say it will be that we ought to have an army corps on such and such a frontier. The King will say: 'Oh, no! that would not be a wise policy.' A week afterward he would send for me and say: 'Bismarck, I have got a good idea; what do you think of it? I believe we ought to send an army corps down to such and such a frontier.'"

Of course the reader will perceive from the line of conversation that Bismarck took in elucidating his relations with the then king, William I., that he believed simply in the mastery of tact and overpowering will; that it was intellect and individual resolution that dominated and not rank nor kingly prerogative.

If Bismarck had asked me what I thought from the question of supplies, from the temper of the population, from the condition of the National Guard—that is to say, the patriotism of the citizen soldiery—how long the Parisians would endure, I certainly would have given him no contraband information. But withal he gleaned little information, while both of us in a talk of less than twenty minutes emptied a quart bottle of Cognac (Fin Champagne).

When I rose to go he said: "You do not think me such a monster after all?" showing me a caricature from the Paris *Figaro*, which had been brought out by one of our party. I assented, and, cordially shaking my hand, told me that I would be relieved from any further espionage.

Thus ended my first interview with the founder of an empire and the greatest statesman of his time.



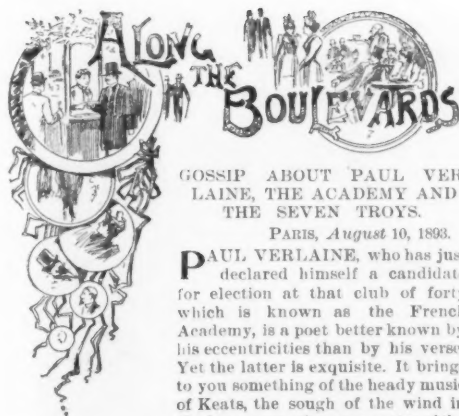
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The initials of the twenty-one kinds of flowers and leaves in the wreath when read from left to right will spell the name of a well-known poet. To the first subscriber who sends in the correct solution of this puzzle, we will send as a prize the complete works of Victor Hugo.



GOSSIP ABOUT PAUL VERLAINE, THE ACADEMY AND THE SEVEN TROYS.

PARIS, August 10, 1893.

PAUL VERLAINE, who has just declared himself a candidate for election at that club of forty which is known as the French Academy, is a poet better known by his eccentricities than by his verse. Yet the latter is exquisite. It brings to you something of the heady music of Keats, the sigh of the wind in the long grass, the upper notes of the flute. But all this was long ago, when the poet was a boy, when he was haunted by the footfalls and the presence of the Muse. You will search in vain through his later work for an echo of the inspiration of his youth. One night the Muse disappeared and in place of the poet was a juggler of words. For to Verlaine is due the foundation of that school of verse which a few years ago was called the Decadent, but which, from the initiate, has since received the more esoteric title of Symbolist. From the different manifestoes issued by the symbolists' publisher—manifestoes in pink covers and for which the publication is invariably paid in advance—the public learned two things of which it had been previously ignorant as the carps at Versailles—to wit, that vowels have colors, that *a* is blue, *e* yellow, *et cetera*, *et cetera*, that words are prismatic with life, that it is the duty of the poet to group their shadings, and that anything else is simply literature and nothing more. The symbolist who showed himself the most demoniac in his efforts for the advancement of these simplicities Verlaine shot, not in jest, either, but in anger, perhaps in jealousy, too, and went to prison for it like a man—or a felon, if you prefer. When the prison doors reopened the old Verlaine, like the young Muse, had gone. A man issued ready for every cup, for every impression, for every debauch. To the strings of his lyre he added others, black hairs and blonde, even to that nameless chord which in its naive perversity surrounded of old through the orgies of the Sabbath. Socrates and Diogenes in one, he rolled hiccupping down the Avernian road, paying with enigmatic sonnets the food which he received from young poets, distilling still a mysterious music from the absinthe offered by his friends, until through sheer force of absolute Bohemianism he conquered a place unique, unknown in letters—that of a poet singing and applauded in the charity bed of a hospital. And suddenly a rumor fossilizes into a fact—the man of all others who has been most indifferent, not alone to conventionalities but to laws, yields to vanity and knocks at the Academy door. That he may knock and knock, yet never be admitted, goes without the need of a phrase. There is nothing to marvel at in that; but that he should try, there is a guitar of an entirely different order.

A year or two ago it was the privilege of the writer to meet this gentleman. Among those present was a Russian of rank. The latter asked Verlaine to dine at his palace on the morrow. Verlaine refused. The respectability of the thing was too much for him. But the Russian could not or would not understand. "If he can go to prison," he murmured, plaintively, "why can't he come to me?"

Where was the Troy that Homer sang, the Ilium whose topless towers burned? Did we not think that Schliemann told us? No doubt; but a dispatch from Athens informed the boulevard the other day that the whole thing was a mistake. What Schliemann did was this: in digging down through the bluff which the Turks call Hissarlik, he reached a stratum rich in ruins, the one containing the treasure now at Berlin, and was satisfied that Troy was beneath. In digging deeper he struck rock, but on this rock, it seems, were the foundations of an anterior Troy, a city on which, as is told in the poem we used to have so much trouble over at school, the Troy of Homer reared its enchanted turrets to the sky. But in the process of digging he had discovered five other strata, each of which had been Troy at different epochs. It was the second of the entire seven which, for reasons of his own, he decided was the Troy he sought. The exploration, be it said, was not unattended with dangers, a landslide aiding; it was only a jump in time which saved him from receiving four or five cities on his head. But all in vain. The Troy he selected was not the one we wanted. The real Troy, it appears, was not the second but the sixth, which, curiously enough, as it happened to be in the way, he heaped to one side—as for that matter he heaped the others—letting the Troy of one age topple over into the ruins of the one beneath, and thereby creating a confusion in which even his German spectacles were unable to see clear.

But the man himself was a wonder. As a child he was errand-boy in a wine shop. To this resort a student was in the habit of coming, who after a glass or two used to recite snatches from the Iliad and the Odyssey. Schliemann listened, and to hear more suffered the student to drink glass after glass for which no payment was exacted. Later he became cabin-boy on a merchantman, afterward he was a porter, then a peddler. Finally he married a rich woman. Then it was that he began to satisfy his passion for Homer. There was Greek upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber. Every servant in the house to the most invisible scullion received a name from the Iliad. One day he set out for the Hellespont and took up residence at Hissarlik, a residence in a solitude, a



THE OLD CITY HALL AS IT WILL LOOK AS THE TILDEN LIBRARY WHEN OCCUPYING SITE OF THE OLD RESERVOIR.

hovel made of stones from Mount Ida, with a hut or two for his assistants. Such was Schliemannopolis.

One day, in 1873, while occupied with his spade he struck something hard which gave out a metallic sound. As he was not as sure of his assistants as he was of himself, he shouted *poidos*—a word which, as you know, means rest. The assistants retired; he remained and continued to dig, but warily, for the wall beneath which he stood cracked and threatened at every stroke of the spade. At last the object was unearthed, or rather a mass of them—cups of gold, bronze helmets, diadems, pearls and a silver vase in which there were more than nine thousand gold articles.

Schliemann offered that treasure and all the other objects he had found, and which would have illustrated so perfectly a new edition of Homer, to the French Government. But the Government at that time had, as may be remembered, other things to attend to; it had too recently issued from a war of its own to be over-diligent in securing the relics of earlier strife. Schliemann's offer was ignored and the treasure set out for Germany, where to-day it is the gem of the Berlin Museum.

Schliemann, as you know, is dead. It is his widow who, at her own expense, continues the explorations. And it is the erudites that she employs who have just announced that Schliemann was a fool to discover Troy where Troy was not. Perhaps, then, it is just as well that Schliemann is no more. Were he living, that announcement would be more rapid in its effect and more deadly, too, than a microbe.

Overheard on the boulevard:

"Could you give me a light?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. Could you give me a cigar, too?"

Edgar Saltus

THE TILDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WHEN Samuel J. Tilden's will was offered for probate it was found that he had left his great fortune of nearly four million dollars to found a public library in the city of New York, where his accumulations had been made. Minor legacies alone had been left to his kinsmen, who immediately sought a judicial interpretation of the instrument. After years of legal controversy, from the Surrogate's decree to the Court of Appeals, this disposition of the estate was declared null and void under the indefinite trust clause by a majority of five to four of the learned judges. The property then reverted, by law, to the next of kin.

Anticipating such a result to be probable, Mr. John Bigelow, formerly United States Minister to France, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith, the executors, entered into a stipulation with the niece of Mr. Tilden, that she would, in consideration of a large sum of money, waive her rights, whatever the decision might be. This was not only a wise move on the part of these gentlemen for the public good, but it turned out a most lucky as it was a most generous deed by the lady in question. Her action at the critical moment simply gave to the city of New York an endowment fund of about \$200,000, a sum sufficient to be a permanent principal, the annual interest of which in a few years would suffice to stock the Public Library with a collection of more than five hundred thousand selected volumes, manuscripts and maps. This was the condition of things when it was decided to erect a new municipal building in place of the present City Hall. There was an immediate general outcry to preserve the historic and beautiful structure designed by the architect McComb at the beginning of the century. All of the details of his original plan were never carried out, and this was due to the parsimony of the local Legislature of that period, who, with prophetic range of vision, could not imagine the possibility of the city stretching northward in regular streets and avenues beyond the limit of Chambers Street—hence a brownstone facing on the north side, because it was simply the rear of the City Hall, never to be seen, like the garden of a brownstone front or the lining of a man's coat. It is there now, painted with a hideous yellow daub, an unsightly satire on the aldermanic wisdom of that time.

The trustees of the Tilden Trust were the first to appreciate the fact that they could utilize this widely admired public building for the purposes of the projected Public Library. Locking horns with the influential and level-headed Mayor Gilroy, the joint influence of Mr. Bigelow and the Mayor secured the passage of an act setting apart the site of the present reservoir between Sixth and Fifth Avenues, and Fortieth and Forty-second

Streets. This square—Bryant Park—is a quadrilateral, four hundred and fifty-five feet on each side. When the old City Hall is rebuilt upon this space it will stand back from Fifth Avenue a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, the frontage of the library building being two hundred and fifteen feet, and each of the wings will have a space for lawn and terrace of one hundred and twenty feet from Forty-second Street south and from Fortieth Street north. The structure will thus stand in a beautiful parkway, surrounded on all sides by trees, garden spots, ornamental terraces, separated by artistic balustrades. The landscape will be further emphasized by fountains, shrubbery hedges and statuary; and a notable feature of the Plaza on Fifth Avenue will be the successive approaches of terraced steps to the main entrance. This feature might seem a trifle too elaborate for the weary and scholastic pedestrian, but a glance at the perspective drawing presented above will disclose entrances on the side streets on a level with the curb, and from these inlets and outlets the elevators will do all of the perpendicular traveling on the interior of the building.

The eminent architect, Mr. Ernest Flagg, who within the past year has won three competitions of the first class for buildings of vast public importance, among them those for the new St. Luke's Hospital and the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, has not materially altered the exterior, save to extend the wings from the rear wall in the same manner as they project from the front facade.

The interior will be totally changed, always preserving the grand staircase in the rotunda, which Mr. Flagg regards as one of the architectural glories of the venerable home of the City Fathers. Moreover, the building is to be perched upon a foundation twelve feet above the level of the street to give it adequate architectural height, a feature it has always lacked in its present situation, and more particularly latterly, when the great skyward structures rising fifteen and eighteen stories have dwarfed and overshadowed the City Hall, standing as it does in the geographical center. Mr. Flagg thus obtains an additional story or floor in the basin of the present reservoir, with all of his building material at hand. Here will be the lecture-rooms and offices of the administration, while below in the sub-basement will be the book bindery, storeroom and the mechanical features of the institution. On the floor where now sits the Common Council, and where is located the Governor's room, will be, in the wings, the library proper, the books reposing on the shelving in the alcoves, rising tier on tier, as in the Astor Library. The floor space for reading and writing-tables will accommodate a thousand people at a sitting.

The demolition of the present City Hall and the removal of the marble, stone by stone, will begin before winter is fairly upon us, and there will be surely launched at the same signal two of the most important municipal improvements in the history of Manhattan Island.

SECOND LIEUTENANT MICHAEL MOORE, residing at No. 20 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, is ninety-three years old, and is still hale and hearty. He was born on the Fourth of July, 1800, in the city of New York. He entered the army when he was twelve years old, and was finally retired in 1870. He is probably the oldest American soldier living. The records at Washington show that he is the oldest survivor holding the commission of second lieutenant. He is the father of a large family, and Mrs. Moore still survives. The golden wedding of the venerable couple was celebrated four years ago. They still take an active interest in all the events of the day. They deserve to be centenarians, at least.

EDGAR SALTUS'S novel "Madam Sapphira" ran through thirty thousand in its first thirty days, and repeated it during the second thirty.



"THE PROFESSOR (to hostess).—Thank you so much for a most delightful evening! I shall indeed go to bed with pleasant recollections, and you will be the very last person I shall think of!"



SPECIE ROOM—FOR GOLD AND SILVER



GOLD FROM EUROPE—UNLOADING FIFTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM S. S. "UMBRIA."

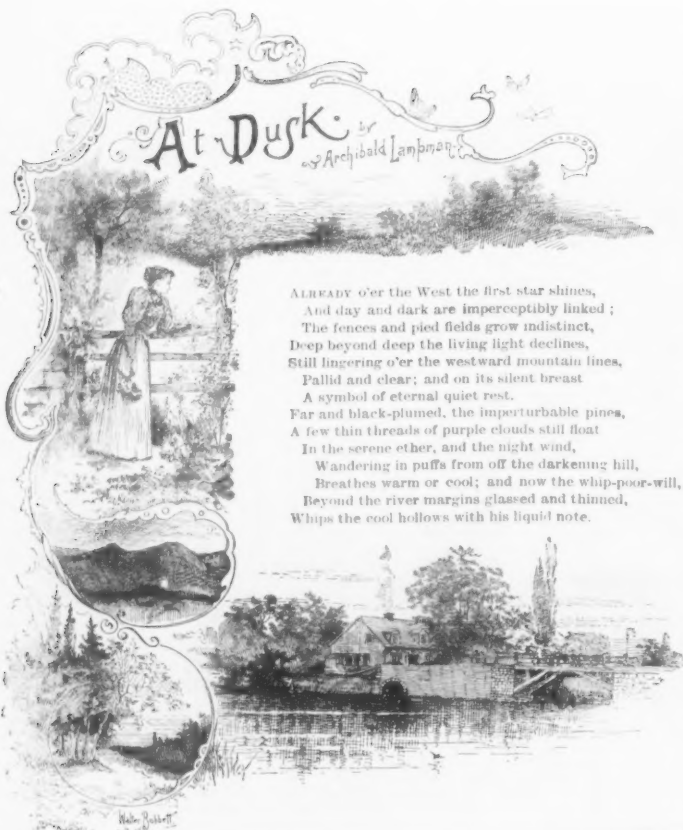
(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by C. UPHAM.—See page 8)



THE COUNTRY COUSIN INTERCEPTED.

[Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by ALBERT SCOTT COX.]

The flowers so carefully plucked from the garden of a country house were intended as an offering to the city cousins, but the sight of the little wistful faces at the railway station determined their destiny otherwise and they quickly found their way into the outstretched hands of the poor town children.



BRIXTON'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY JOHNSON BURT.

THERE are many varieties of matrimonial proposals beside those which appear in novels, and one of them made a lot of trouble a year or two ago for John Brixton. Brixton was one of the intelligent fellows who also are adaptive, so he had acquired a lot of acquaintances who were the envy of every one that knew him. Although he was only a salesman on salary—quite a good salary, it must be said—for a large firm of iron manufacturers, he was frequently accosted familiarly by bank presidents and other business magnates, and could slap any of these gentlemen on the shoulder without giving offense. As he was a bachelor, and old enough to have outgrown the habit of lounging through successive evenings in houses where there were pretty daughters, he was available for dinner parties given by men who knew no better way of spending an evening. Everybody among his acquaintances wished him well, and wished they could do something for him, but they respected him all the more because he never tried to borrow money nor asked for any other favors. Solid business men told one another that Brixton would be one of them some day—he merely needed the chance which comes to every deserving man in the course of time, and each of them hoped it might be his own fortune to throw the chance in Brixton's way.

It seemed one day to old Budder, president of the Forty-seventh National Bank and a hearty admirer of Brixton, that he was just the man to throw a fortune in Brixton's way. The plan came to Budder's mind suddenly, but sudden inspirations and quick action thereon are part of the daily life of the most stolid of presidents of big banks. Brixton had promised to lunch with the bank magnate at midday, and he appeared at the bank just in time to see the old man bowing out a lady with more courtesy and ceremony than he imagined Budder capable of.

As the old man caught sight of Brixton he exclaimed: "One moment, Miss Fewse. Allow me to introduce my very dear and old friend, Mr. John Brixton. Mr. Brixton, Miss Fewse, daughter of old Ben Fewse, whom every one has heard of."

Brixton bowed, and looked curiously at the lady. He had seen her father occasionally, before increasing years and doctors had sent Mr. Fewse to his final home, and his eyes searched the daughter's face for indications of her father's distinguishing traits. He found them, too, although the interview was short. Miss Fewse was richly yet simply dressed; her figure, like her father's, was dumpy, and her face, though not rude, was as broad and heavy, and her forehead was as low as that of old Ben himself. Still, her manner was womanly, and as she finally took her departure Brixton, who had a dear old mother, as well as a sister whom he regarded as the best young woman alive, sorrowed to himself that a man as rich as old Ben Fewse could not have married some one whose blood could have atoned for the rudeness of his own.

"Well, John," said the president, after handing Miss Fewse into her carriage, "you owe me one. Any one of a thousand good fellows in New York would give ten years of his life for such an introduction to Miss Fewse as I gave you just now. Go right ahead, now, and make use of it."

"You're always doing the friendly thing, Budder," replied Brixton, sinking into an easy chair; "but I don't quite understand it this time."

"Don't, eh?" said the president, hastily relighting a cigar which he had laid on his desk when Miss Fewse was

announced. "Well, (puff) Miss Fewse is joint heir with (puff) her brother—her only brother, mind you. Old Ben's estate is estimated by his executors at eight millions; I don't know how close that comes to the truth—I don't take much stock in what I can't see with my own eyes—but this much I do know." Then the president clapped two pudgy hands upon Brixton's knees, looked squarely into Brixton's eyes and said, in a low, measured monotone: "John Brixton, I know of my own knowledge that Ada Fewse has over one million—dollars—in good railroad bonds right in my safe here. 'Nough said, eh?"

"Enough money, I should say, for an unmarried woman who doesn't look as if her tastes were expensive. But what have I to do with it? You said—"

"Do with it?" echoed the president. "Why, you donkey, make it your own. Marry the girl. She isn't a beauty. I must admit; but she's respectable and honest, and she'd accept you in a minute."

"Upon my word, Budder," laughed Brixton, "you've been in business so long that even women seem property to you. Miss Fewse never saw me until five minutes ago."

"Perhaps not, but she's got her father's level head on her shoulders. She's seen dozens of other men; scarcely a month goes by without some fellow offering himself to her—for the sake of her money, of course. She doesn't object to marrying, for, being a woman, she has a heart; but she has enough character to want a husband whom she can respect, and none of the fellows who have offered themselves thus far have been of that kind."

"Upon my word, Budder," said the younger man, "I never would have taken you, good fellow though you are, for a man whom an unmarried woman would have selected as confidant. It does you credit, though, that she seems to have opened her heart to you."

"Oh, well, Ben and I have been in many speculations together, and she knows he always trusted me. Besides, there's no sentimental nonsense about her—she isn't afraid to unload her ideas upon an old friend of the family, so we've talked very freely about it. By the way, she has such a matter-of-fact manner that she looks older than she is—she's really five years younger than you. Your fortune's made, my boy, unless you make a fool of yourself in some way. Let me sound her about it; you may count upon me to do it without lack of proper respect for either of you, and I'll bet the entire assets of this bank against a bad penny that you may announce your engagement within a week. Then you'll be hand-in-glove with a lot of us fellows in a business way as well as socially, and we want you—we really do."

"Budder," said John Brixton, rising from his chair, "you've got a heart as big as an ox, and I'm heartily obliged to you for your interest in me. You must give me time to think about it, though."

"Time to—" ejaculated the president, firing his cigar-butt at the cuspidore with such energy that he overshot the mark and elicited a howl of anguish from the bank's cat as she mistook the missile for a mouse when she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber. "There're some things that a fellow can't afford to think about. Do you stop to think when a trout rises to your fly? Come along to lunch—and make up your mind on the way."

But John Brixton wasn't able to give a decisive answer over the coffee and cigars. A million dollars in good securities seemed well worth the taking by a man who had worked industriously for fifteen or twenty years only to reach a salary of five or six thousand dollars, and an appreciative wife thrown in seemed like so much extra luck, for John's mother and sister had for years warned him that wives who hold good husbands in proper regard are as scarce as model husbands. On the other hand, old Ben Fewse's daughter, who looked as much like her father as a woman could look like a man, would be a strange life-companion for a man who, in spite of much attention to material things in the way of business, had inherited many fine tastes and sentiments which he kept in good, usable condition. Whoever he might marry ought to be fairly companionable to his mother and sister—two women whom he could not imagine enjoying Miss Fewse's society.

But while John Brixton went on thinking and wondering and compromising, and rejecting his own compromises, old Budder took the case in hand as earnestly as if it were a promising investment for his own bank. He was too good a business man to exceed his authority, but he and his wife took Miss Fewse out driving the very afternoon that he had made his suggestion to Brixton, and they took her home to dinner with them, and the old man made opportunity to sound the praise of John Brixton and to tell what fine women John's mother and sister were. So, before the evening was over, Miss Fewse was conscious of a mighty wish that some man like John Brixton would ask her to change her name and share her life and fortune with her.

Brixton had been at his office only half an hour the next morning when one of the clerks shouted:

"Some one on the telephone for you, sir."

"Who is it?" John asked, raising his eyes from a letter he was reading.

"Forty-seventh National Bank—President Budder," the clerk replied.

"Wait a moment," said Brixton, dropping the letter, seizing his hat and starting for the door. "I'm out—you don't know when I'll be in."

One of the firm who had overheard the conversation asked his partner whether he supposed Brixton had been speculating in Wall Street and got more accommodation from the Forty-seventh National than his collaterals would warrant, and the partner replied that it might not be a bad thing to keep Brixton out of temptation by sending him to South America to look after a railway contract which they had been trying to secure through correspondents.

As for Brixton, he went straight home and prowled about the house until he found his sister.

"Ettie," said he, "you and I have always been confidential friends, although we're brother and sister. I want to ask you an unusual question, and I want you to answer it without joking, or raising of your eyebrows, or any other teasing. Suppose I should suddenly determine that I wanted to marry, whom would you best like for a sister?"

The young woman did not start, or laugh, or do anything expressive of astonishment, but answered promptly: "I've longed for years to see you and Agnes Hammice make a match. You're made for each other."

"Longed for years, eh? Never changed your mind?"

"Never. Isn't she my dearest friend? Isn't she as good and sweet and handsome as—as she is poor?"

"What does mother think of her?"

"Just what I think, and what every one must who knows her. The dear girl would have been snapped up long ago if she hadn't been too poor to appear properly in the society for which she's best fitted. As it is, scarcely any young men know her, except those who are not fit to tie her shoes."

"What do you suppose she thinks of me?"

"Well, on general principles, she can't help liking you; for the rest, unless she forgets everything I say to her, she must think you're the one supremely perfect man on the face of the earth."

"H'm! What wonderful things you must have said of me—behind my back. Do you suppose you could arrange for us—she, you and I—to take a drive this afternoon?"

"Yes, but—"

"Exactly; then find some excuse, after you return from inviting her, to find something which will unavoidably prevent your going."

By way of reply Ettie Brixton sprang from her chair, kissed her brother effusively and hurried off to dress for a morning call.

Miss Hammice went driving with John Brixton that afternoon, and although she was very sorry that dear Ettie wasn't with them, she enjoyed herself greatly, after the manner of busy people whose special pleasures come infrequently. As the drive prolonged itself she changed her mind about Ettie—she wouldn't have had the girl with her for worlds; for, although there was more happiness in that carriage than she had ever before imagined the whole world could contain, there was only enough for two, and the mere presence of any one else, even her dearest friend, would have entirely spoiled it. Instead of taking her directly home after returning from the pleasant country lanes through which he had driven, John Brixton drove to his own home and called his sister down to the little parlor, while he remained outside to watch the horses. It seemed to him that he sat there alone at least twenty-four hours, although the parlor clock had ticked off only twenty minutes when Agnes tore herself away from Ettie with the remark that she could not be entirely happy until she had reached home and told her mother all about it.

President Budder was still at his dinner-table that evening when a letter was brought in—the servant said a special messenger had brought it, with instructions to deliver at once.

"One of the delights of being a financial magnate!" growled the old man, as he tore the end from the envelope. "Can't eat my dinner in peace. Any customer in such a hurry must be—great Scott!"

"Has some one failed?" asked Mrs. Budder.

"I should say so—failed to make a fortune. Listen to this:

"MY DEAR BUDDER:

"Perhaps men grow more bashful as they grow older. At any rate, I'd rather write you than tell you face to face that the reason I hesitate to avail myself of your kind suggestion regarding Miss Fewse is that I am already engaged to a most estimable young woman. I shall expect you and your wife to dance at the wedding, which will be within a month."

"A thousand thanks, my dear boy, for your kind interest in me. As your own married life has been very happy, I trust you'll understand me when I say that I'm marrying a tremendous fortune—though every bit of it consists of human nature. Yours always,

"JOHN BRIXTON."

"A million dollars—yes, three million dollars out!" exclaimed President Budder, dashing the letter to the floor. "Did you ever know such a fool?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Budder. "I'd like to believe you'd have been just such a one yourself, if a rich woman had been thrown at your head when you were paying attention to me. Goodness knows, you got nothing but me when you married. Stevens, bring up the oldest bottle of wine in the cellar—we seldom have so good an excuse to open it."

"Right you are, my dear, as usual," said the bank president, going to the head of the table and giving his wife a kiss which might have been heard a block away had the windows been open.

TORREATE CALINO. PAPER

No. X.
THE MAN WHO MADE NEW YORK
SOCIETY THINK.

THE recent sad and sudden death of Mr. Charles Phelps Palmer brings to mind his brother, the late Courtlandt Palmer, founder and first president of the Nineteenth Century Club. Not that Charles Palmer in any sense lacked individuality, for I have always understood of him that he was both highly talented and attractive, and in my earlier "society" days I recall seeing him at certain fashionable functions, where his charm of manner and extreme skill as a dancer won him welcomes galore. His dancing made one think of the stories one hears about the perfect grace and cadence of the Austrian waltzers—those young soldier-aristocrats who have been said to glide over the floors of ballrooms with a filled wineglass on their heads and yet spill not a single drop.

The Palmers were a family of what one calls the highest social status in New York, though Courtlandt—even after his marriage to a lady of much beauty and intelligence—had never cared, if I mistake not, to mingle among those very whimsical merry-makers who always rank themselves, with such a funny sort of august frivolity, as the magnates and law-givers of the "exclusives." He was passionately fond of music, and his wife (now Mrs. Abbe) has been for years one of the most gifted amateur musicians of her time. Their son, Courtlandt Palmer, has inherited abilities which have already caused many good judges to declare of him that in a few more years he will rival the best pianists now living; and, unless I err, this fortunate young modern Orpheus has not yet passed his twenty-first year.

In the days of his artistic musical gatherings it was not my privilege to know Courtlandt Palmer. But in 1885, a year or so after the foundation of the Nineteenth Century Club, he did me the honor to ask me if I would enroll my name among its eighteen or twenty vice-presidents. This I was glad to do, heartily fatigued as I then felt with those wearying diversions which go by the name of "entertainments." It has been truly said of Courtlandt Palmer, that he was the first to make New York society think. In this rôle I feel that he may also remain the last. Indeed, many members of the "Four Hundred" who listened to two hours of oratory at the club twice each month often went there more for the purpose of watching how their friends "took to it," I have suspected, than from any keen interest in the subjects discussed. We certainly had some delightful evenings, however—veritable *noctes Attice*. The meetings held at Mr. Palmer's spacious and homelike dwelling in Gramercy Park were, to my thought, by far the most successful. It was here that Dr. Holmes read us a memorable paper, written in his mellifluous English; it was here that Judge Barrett, Parke Godwin, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and others equally notable made themselves both heard and felt; it was here, too, that Monsignor Capel addressed the largest multitude that could possibly be jammed between those capacious walls, in a voice of singular volume and rhythm, and with an eloquence not to be disputed. "Bless my soul!" said a man-about-town in my ear, after the golden delivery and persuasive periods of this most striking speaker had ended, "we should have all the Protestants here turning Catholics if this sort of thing continued."

But no particular "sort of thing" ever continued. Courtlandt Palmer was himself an agnostic, yet he welcomed alike the clergymen of all sects, the zealots and philosophers of all tenets and drifts. Rabbi Gotthell, the Hebrew so widely respected and admired, was his intimate friend, and Robert G. Ingersoll held a high place in his regard. His liberalism was broad as the universal air, and in this respect he differed from many free-thinkers who mistake self-security for tolerance, and whose intellectualism is more despotic than they dream. True, he had become a man of one dominating idea, but that idea meant something very salutary to the large cultured throng of a great metropolis like our own. Briefly expressed, I should say, it was this: To draw together the refined and thoughtful men and women of his time and town, and by frank and courteous intercommunication of creeds, theories and prejudices to reach that higher altruistic plane of mental sympathy which is the most wholesome conceivable corrective, as it is the most potent conceivable stimulus, of real ethical and civilized advancement.

He had the luck, the tact, the fortunate occasion, the needful blending of wealth and station—call it what you will—of making this idea a distinct practical success. For the first time in the history of New York society he induced people of leisure and caste to be driven o' nights in their smart carriages where neither Terpsichore was the goddess they must worship, nor yet that other more modern divinity from whose altars rise the aroma of canvas-back ducks and the bacchanal hiss of *Pommery Sec.* And yet in his drawing-rooms one met a decided complement of aristocracy and Upper-Bohemianism. Courtlandt Palmer was the only social leader I have ever known who "mixed" daringly and yet triumphantly. During the years of his supremacy in New York circles he not only affected the whole tenor of society, but in a certain way he swayed it.

I have gone to those Nineteenth Century Club gatherings with a card in my pocket for one of the "Patriarchs' Balls" and have stayed past the hour when decorum would have made me due there, while at the same time seeing on every side of me gentlemen who but recently had shown radiant-gowned between the plenteous palms and

below the yellow-shaded chandeliers of Delmonico's great guest-chamber. Of course among the younger sets the inevitable gayeties and gallantries went on. But many a fashion-wearied woman, many a folly-jaded man, found at those quieter and saner reunions a relaxation and satisfaction full of such refreshment as no feverish flatteries, pretensions and vanities could elsewhere bestow.

The pathos of Courtlandt Palmer's abrupt death was intense; and yet does not all human life teem with just such melancholy instances of shattered ambitions and thwarted aims? Naturally of delicate health, he found it a commanding necessity, by the spring of the year 1885, to go abroad for the purpose of repairing his exhausted vital forces. The excessive ardor with which he had exploited his adored project had told upon him in serious terms. But even while an invalid in London he strove with marked energy to found there an English branch of the organization which he had rendered so flourishing three thousand miles away. On his return to these shores he showed such clear signs of reinforced bodily vigor that his friends were all hopeful of his permanent future recovery. Meanwhile the club had ceased to hold its sittings in that hospitable Gramercy Square abode. It had prospered handsomely, both in the art gallery on East Twenty-third Street and later in the ample ballroom (now, alas, reduced to ashes!) of the Metropolitan Opera House. But a certain gracious and elusive charm vanished from the assemblages—or so, at least, it always seemed to me—after they began to gird themselves with the publicity of the ordinary lecture-hall.

Still, much that was momentous in discourse and debate had its birth amid these new environments. Here Colonel Ingersoll spoke with electric power, answered by the finished and sarcastic phrases of Mr. Frederick R. Coudert. Here, too, such conspicuous men as General Horace Porter, Dr. W. A. Hammond, George Lockhart Rives, Moncure D. Conway, Andrew Carnegie, Rev. Robert Collier and a shining host of others declaimed with wit, wisdom and strength. Certain important and admirable women remained constant in their attendance. I may mention almost at random among these the versatile and queenly Mrs. John Sherwood, the suave and music-loving Mrs. Colden Murray, the clear-brained and genial Mrs. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the beautiful and gentle Mrs. William Dinsmore, the brilliant and whole-hearted Mrs. Charles H. Stebbins, the literary and creative Mrs. Burton Harrison. Two women of positive genius have now passed through that same mystic gateway whither their friend who is the subject of this brief memoir had already preceded them—Mrs. Anne Sheldon Coombs, who promised to be a novelist of extraordinary range and depth, and Miss Emma Lazarus, who has left behind her achievement of lasting worth, both in poetry and prose. During Mr. Palmer's absence abroad, and for a year or two after his death, Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson filled the presidential chair with excellent ability and zeal. On his retirement I myself resigned from the club, and since then I know little concerning it, save that it exists—prosperously, I very much hope. But somehow, one does not hear of it as one formerly did. This would please Courtlandt Palmer ill, for on his deathbed he dictated the following sentence in one of three or four letters that were his last brave messages from the Valley of the Shadow: "I want, above all things, to have the Nineteenth Century Club kept alive." EDGAR FAWCETT.

ALONG JERSEY'S SANDY COAST.

THE New Jersey coast is as assiduously sought by the summer boarder as it is avoided by the mariners, for along its bare stretches a large number of resorts have been created, forming an almost complete chain from Atlantic City to Sandy Hook, and presenting to the coast-wise shipping a pleasing panorama; but woe betide that vessel which seeks a closer view, for the sands are treacherous at their best and each year adds to the already long list of victims, despite the fact that the Government maintains an almost perfect system of life-saving stations, manned by as fine a body of men as can be found.

Interesting from a social point of view is Ocean Grove, a settlement of a distinctly religious character, governed by laws of autocratic severity, yet containing—within a space of but two hundred and sixty-six acres—a population of nearly thirty thousand people gathered from all parts of the United States, the majority of whom are directly interested in the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This place was founded in 1869 and was chartered by the New Jersey Legislature under the title of "The Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church." At that time the association was in possession of only eleven acres, for which they paid fifty dollars. Since then, under the stimulus of religious fervor and bracing ocean breezes, it has steadily grown, until it now has a greater population for its area than any other resort on the coast.

Meetings of a devotional nature of course occupy the attention of a large number of the inhabitants, while their less devout brothers and sisters bathe, make calls, stroll along the beach or row on Wesley Lake, a sheet of water which separates it from Asbury Park on the north.

A feature of the Grove is the number of tent dwellers, whole blocks being covered by these flimsy structures, offering to the curious public a temptation to examine the domestic arrangements, for it is customary in warm, fine weather to tie back the flaps, thus exposing the contents to the vulgar gaze of the passers-by. Besides these tents, there are about twenty fair-sized hotels and a number of fine cottages, surrounded by well-kept lawns.

When in 1870 the adjoining plot to the north was offered for sale James A. Bradley purchased the entire five hundred acres and founded Asbury Park, which, though without a ruling purpose, is nearly as restricted in its laws as its religious neighbor, a special point being made in regard to liquor, a clause in each deed prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in any form; this, however, has proved to be so hard to enforce that the founder has been said to have seriously considered the advisability of having one or two high-license saloons, hoping that they, to protect their interests, would give valuable aid in detecting and convicting the illicit vendors.

The most charming part of the Park is the northern end, where a series of small lakes surrounded by groves of fragrant pines offer a number of picturesque views, the winding paths along the borders being a favorite place for devoted couples who mingle the usual soft nothings with the sighing of the breezes through the pines and the sound of the surf as it sprawls on the beach.

The morning swim and the evening stroll along the board walk are the principal occupations of the people, and the rest of the time is filled up by drives, tennis, or perhaps an excursion to Shark River for crabs; a good-sized schooner takes fishing parties out every morning and sailing parties in the afternoon, but this is only indulged in by those who have no fears of *mal de mer*, for some rather green-complexioned young ladies have been brought back from these trips, who, if they were in a singing mood, would probably take up the popular refrain: "I'll never go there any more."

Interlaken, to the north, is a pretty place, just in the first stages of development with much promise for the future; as the name indicates, it is in the midst of some exceedingly pretty lakes. It is planned to develop this as a winter resort, as the balsam-laden air is said to be very beneficial, and the mercury is always several degrees higher than in New York and the vicinity.

Every Sunday afternoon there is quite a procession to be seen on the way from Asbury Park to Deal Beach to bathe, for there is no bathing allowed in the latter place after ten in the morning, so those people who come to stay over from Saturday to Monday seek this "unholy place where beer is sold" to take a dip and perchance a nip. Aside from the last-named advantages, there is little to interest one there unless you can get "Old Tom" to tell you some of his stories about the days when smuggling was one of the chief sources of income to the fishermen, and to judge from his manner of telling, his part in the business was by no means passive.

A favorite drive is through Elberon along the sea road and back by way of Hollywood. The former is distinctly a cottage resort, for there is but one hotel and not a single boarding-house. Here it was that President Garfield died from the wounds inflicted by Gaitan; it was also the site of General Grant's summer cottage.

The queen of all the coast is Hollywood, the result of a pet idea of the late John Hoey. Broad drives through lovely groves, expansive lawns and picturesque cottages, added to its natural beauty, makes a spot worthy of the people who yearly seek health and recreation within its precincts. Though quite some distance from the ocean, bathing is one of the regular daily events, for in the bathing pavilion is a pool of salt water one hundred and fifty feet wide by three hundred feet long, which is pumped from the ocean by a large engine on the place. It is in this that the swimming matches are swum every Saturday in the middle of each season, for which magnificent prizes are offered.

A number of fine hunters and packs of hounds are maintained by the residents, and trap-shooting and similar outdoor sports give unusual interest to the place. The Hollywood Hotel possesses, in addition to its excellent cuisine, a collection of art works of no mean order, tastefully arranged about the rooms, and in the case of statuary, partly hidden in clusters of nodding palms and other foliage.—(See page 4.)

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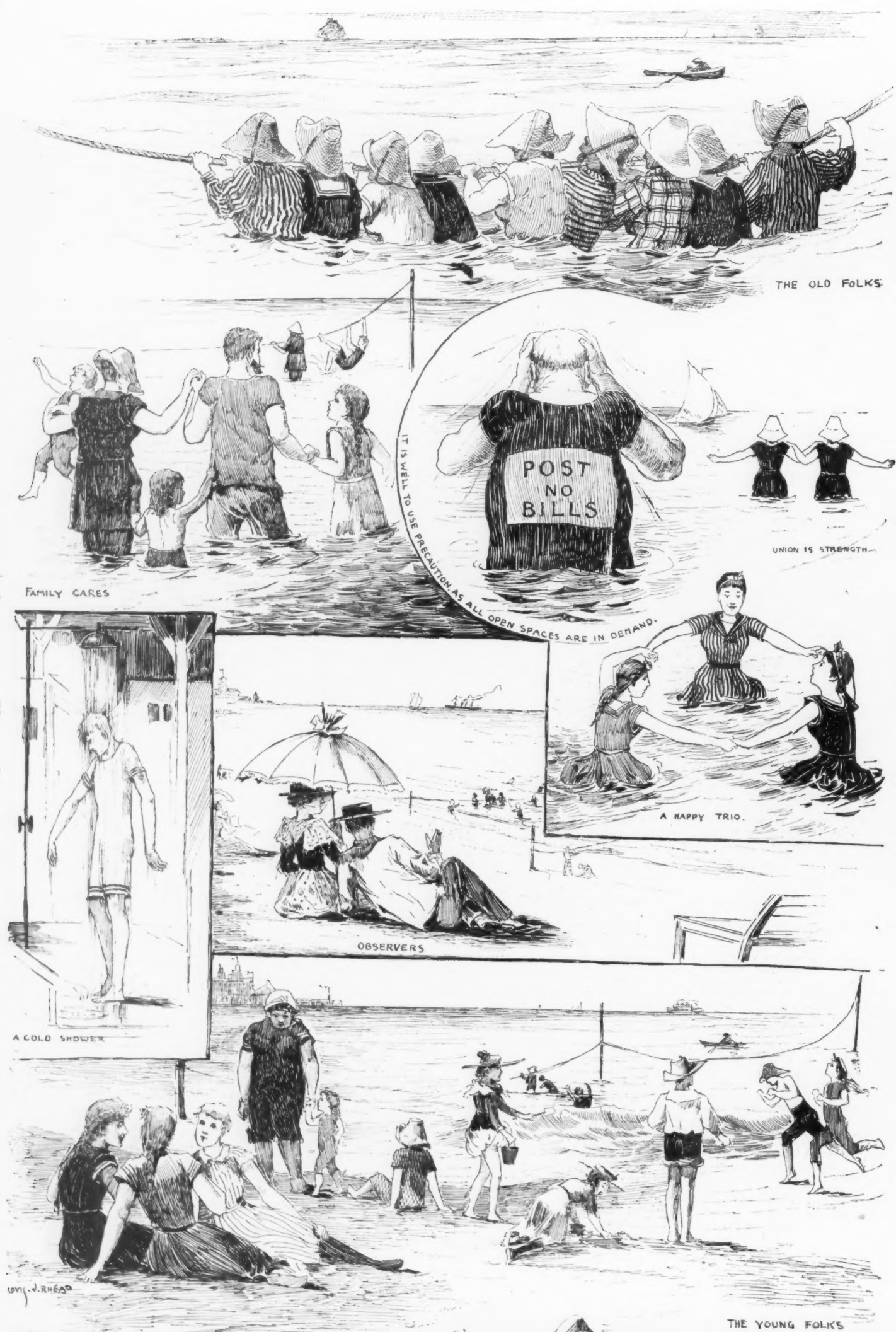
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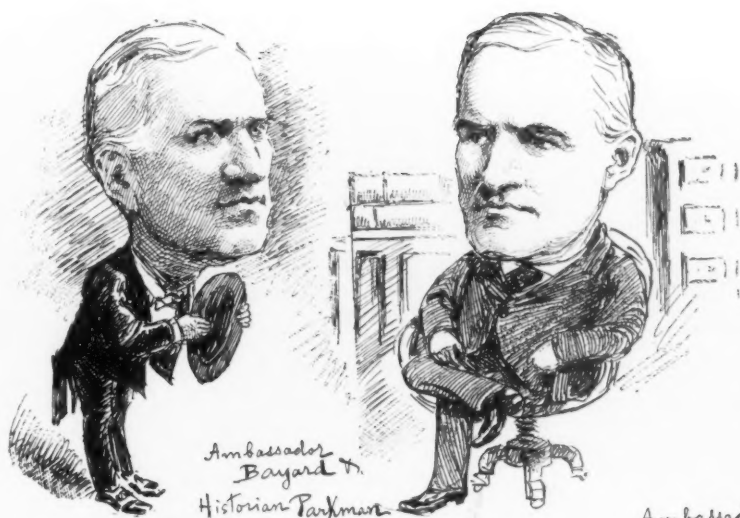
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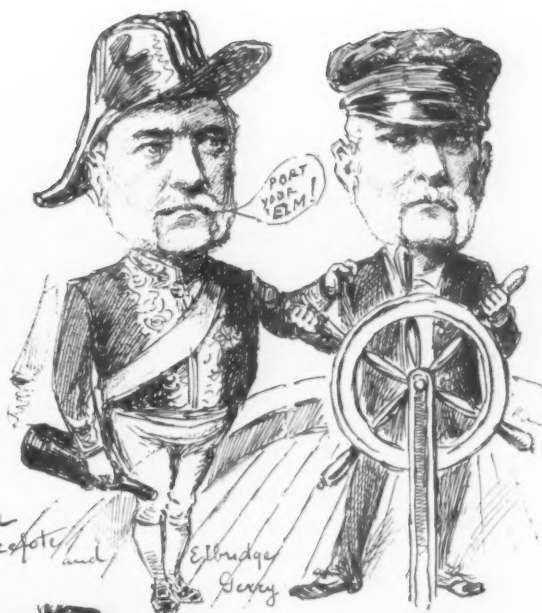


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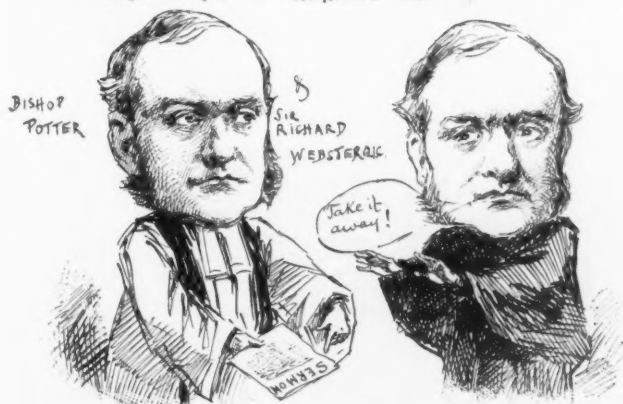
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Ambassador Poincaré and Elbridge Gerry



BISHOP POTTER

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER



Admiral Hamann

Gov. Flower



CROKER

TIGER



Sarah Bernhardt & Grace Hawthorne



Two American Napoleons

Congressman Bryan of Nebraska

H.D. Lyman of Ohio

A QUEER RIVAL.

DAN and I were the best of friends, even after he made the acquaintance of Elsie Mayberry. In fact, it was I who gave him an introduction to that young lady.

Camp Lobos is an out-of-the-way mining town in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Elsie was the schoolteacher and I was the physician. As we were both young and among the few educated people of the place, we very frequently drifted into each other's company, and it was but natural that I, at least, should succumb. I believe that it is invariably the man who surrenders first.

Affairs were approaching an interesting crisis, and I had about made up my mind to request her to cease the endless routine at the little whitewashed schoolhouse and transplant herself and her tender interest to my home and life, when Dan came upon the scene of action.

He sauntered into the camp one hot August morning, and came straight up the street and into my office, as though directed by unseen hands. Ceremony is unknown in Camp Lobos, and unless some one happens to be conveniently at hand to perform an introduction, it is entirely dispensed with. So it was with Dan. He fell into our ways and modes of living with all the *sang froid* of an old-timer; and by the end of the day, after he had accompanied me upon my afternoon rounds, was as well known to them all as I was myself.

In some respects he was a reticent fellow, and told me nothing about his past life or from what quarter of the globe he hailed; and it was not the fashion in Camp Lobos to ask life questions. He had made no arrangements for his stay there, and it took little persuasion on my part to induce him to take up his abode with me. After the brief arrangements had been made, which consisted in my putting the question concisely, "Is it a go, Dan?" and if so, give us your flipper, old man," and on the "flipper" being put into my hand with alacrity, we occupied the same room and he became a part of my life, so that in one week's time I could not realize how I could ever have gotten along in the past without his cheery presence.

What had been his business previous to his arrival in Camp Lobos I did not inquire; but he seemed to be bent upon a pleasure trip, as he evinced no inclination to engage in any occupation while there. As yet he was my guest, I assuring him that he was welcome to stay as long as he wished, and he accepting my hospitality with native grace and gratitude. He was no end of a good fellow, and when I made my accustomed call upon Elsie, I could see no harm in taking him with me. If he suspected the state of my feelings in regard to her, he did not betray by look or gesture such a suspicion.

She, on her part, liked him immensely. She sang to him in her clear, sweet voice, and he sat by the piano and let his dark eyes speak their approbation and delight. When we left, she shook hands with him and told him that he must come again, which he signified he would be pleased to do, and a privilege of which he afterward availed himself not a little.

It was not always convenient for me to take him with me on my rounds, as my visits sometimes called me away up into the mountains and necessitated my being away all night. At these times I left home with an unsuspecting heart. Returning one day from one of these long tramps, I did not find Dan wandering about my garden or watching at the gate for me, as had been his wont. I hastened into the house, a vague fear tugging at my heartstrings. Could he be ill? He had never failed to meet me before. I searched the house from top to bottom, but no Dan could I find. I made inquiry of my housekeeper. She had seen him, about eleven o'clock, strolling over the hill in the direction of the schoolhouse. I ate a hasty luncheon and, mounting my horse, galloped over in the way he had gone. Reining up at the low, whitewashed gate, I tied my horse and walked up the pebbled path. As I passed the window I glanced in. It was not yet one o'clock, and Elsie was seated on one of the low benches, while before her stood Dan—handsome, eloquent, delightfully fascinating as ever.

They saw me at once and came forward together, Elsie blushing a rosy red. She looked so charming that it completely disarmed me. Dan was the same nonchalant fellow as of old.

"Your friend was lonesome in your absence, and came over to keep me company," she said, smiling into the face of the guilty Dan, who gave her his most eloquent look. A twinge of jealousy swept my heartstrings. She never looked at me in that way. I shook off the feeling, however, and, bidding her good-by, we returned home, Dan walking beside my horse as I rode.

After that he gradually fell out of the habit of accompanying me upon my rounds, and often and often his bonny curly hair and soft, expressive eyes were to be seen in company with the schoolmistress. It was no uncommon event now to go to her house and find Dan there before me.

As my practice increased I was called away on these protracted visits a good deal, and became quite accustomed to finding Dan away when I returned. I had no difficulty in following him. I became positively jealous of this handsome fellow, and wondered sometimes if he ever gave me a thought when he took entire possession of the lady in his fascinating way.

I had become accustomed to consider it my blessed privilege to be her escort upon stated days, when business with me was slack and she went botanizing for the good of her class. Those were rare moments in a busy man's life. She provided the lunch and I carried it in a little basket that belonged to her. Now there were three for whom to provide luncheon, and, instead of me, it was Dan who carried the basket. It was upon his shoulder many times that her hand rested when she grew fatigued, although she did give me the preference once in a while. It was a woman's way, I thought, of keeping all the strings of her bow complete and in order.

There was one particular spot in the heart of the mountains, where a silvery stream wound its musical way through masses of ferns, maiden-hair and floating water lilies; where the daylight came through in patches and the sun was never too hot. Here we would take off our hats and rest our weary limbs on the grassy slope. She would settle herself in a comfortable position, with the luncheon spread around in convenient reach, and I would descend to the stream below, fill our little drinking-can with the cool water, bring it back and throw myself at her feet, where I could to the best advantage look up into the violet eyes, and be happy for a whole blissful afternoon. Those botanizing days were oases in my desert of life. Now there was another form reclining at her feet and two eyes beside my own to share her glances.

"Ah, well, competition is the very life of trade," I said, laconically, and tried my best to believe in the sentiment.

We were on our way to this resting-place, one beautiful afternoon, when Elsie espied a flower on the extreme edge of the bank below, and before we could remonstrate, she was skipping down the steep bank in the most careless and reckless manner. I called to her when I divined her object, but she only threw me a saucy glance, and with a light laugh that floated back to me where I stood in nervous dread, kept on in her perilous descent.

I saw her reach the spot and stoop down to pluck the blossom, but it seemed to grow further out in the stream than appeared from my position on the hill, for she stood erect again, then bent further forward, and with a little spring and a mighty effort, grasped the coveted flower. But horror! her foot slipped, and she fell headlong into the stream.

With a wild yell I sprang, stumbling down the mountain-side, tearing my clothes and lacerating my face and hands as I went. I had always prided myself upon my agility as a climber, but my nervous state of mind and the dread that I would be too late to save the woman, who I now realized was the dearest object in life to me, rendered me almost powerless. Stumbling, falling, dragging myself along as best I could, I became conscious of a flying figure that was literally skimming through the air, as though it had wings. It sped past me like the wind, and I saw that it was Dan. He seemed as cool as though on one of his famous races, for Dan was quite an athlete in his way.

I sat down on the ground and saw him bound down the mountain-side, plunge without a moment's hesitation in the dark water and come to the surface with a white object. The slender arms were about his neck, and he was battling manfully to get up the steep bank with his burden.

I hope I am not a selfish man, and the case was an urgent one. I arose, and shouting, "Hold on, Dan, I am coming," limped as quickly as I could to where the brave fellow was holding the dear form up out of the water. I put one arm around a small tree-trunk, and with the other dragged and tugged, until I managed to get a foothold for Dan, and with my help and his own strenuous exertions, he at last dragged himself out of the stream and deposited his burden at my feet.

My medical knowledge came to my assistance, and forgetting my own bruised body, I fell to work to restore Elsie to consciousness, a feat that was accomplished with little difficulty, as she was young, healthy and not hurt, only insensible from the fright and fall. She soon opened her eyes, and at once took in the whole situation. Her thanks and praises of Dan were unlimited. She could not say enough, and responded with eloquent eyes to his mute looks of admiration.

Why could it not have been me, instead of Dan?

I grew sarcastic on the subject, and was almost sullen on our way home, scarcely replying to Elsie's laughing remarks regarding her crumpled lawn dress and splashed ribbons.

Dan bounded along beside her. He had a light, springy step, as though the least provocation would set him off upon a run. He was in exuberant spirits, as he had a perfect right to be—leaping the fences I was obliged to crawl through, for I was so bruised in my scramble down the uneven ground of the mountain-side that I could scarcely walk.

Elsie would challenge Dan to a race upon some level strip, and off they would go, like the wind. Such fun! For them. I would find them seated upon a stone by the wayside, as I limped up, her face flushed, her white teeth gleaming and her rosy lips keeping up a continual chatter, while at her feet in the grass Dan rested, or sat beside her upon the rock, listening to her gay young voice and speaking volumes with his eloquent eyes.

We reached her home at last, and I declined her invitation to tea; so shaking hands with both of us she said good-night, Dan, for a wonder, accompanying me home. He looked back more than once before we reached the stile at the end of the lane, and I know would have retraced his steps, had he followed his own inclination.

A liberal application of Pond's Extract gave me relief, and in the morning I was much improved, and by the end

of the week my bodily bruises were entirely healed, but not so my mental hurt. I could not easily recover from the thought that it had been Dan and not I who had played the part of brave knight. And I had come out of it all in such a sorry plight. Only her kind heart could have refrained from laughing outright at the battered appearance I must have presented when she came to consciousness and found my scratched and bloodstained face bending over hers.

As the days grew shorter

we gave up botanizing. It had been upon these long winter evenings that I was accustomed to drop in at her home and spend a quiet hour or two over the piano, or in watching her white fingers move over the check-board, and in listening to her teasing laugh when she won a game. Now there were three of us instead of two, and I realized that if I were ever going to ask Elsie to be my wife I would have to do so in the presence of Dan.

I determined upon strategy. I invited her to ride. The moon rose high in the heavens, it was a delightful evening, and I soon had the satisfaction of knowing that at last I was alone with her. Alone! How much that little monosyllable meant to me.

But somehow the proper word would not come. We talked upon many indifferent subjects, yet I could not find a word by which to introduce that one nearest my heart. It had been so different in those days of easy confidence, before a third party had intruded his dark eyes between us. She was perfectly at her ease, but this did not argue for anything; a woman is always prepared for any emergency.

We were now on the river road. It winds along by the side of the bank at a little distance from the stream, and is quite safe, with the exception of one spot where it turns from the river into the little strip of woods beyond. Here the turn is sharp and the roadway narrow, and only skillful driving and perfect control of horse and nerve will prevent an accident. Nervous drivers never take this road, as one false step would precipitate horse and vehicle over the embankment down to the river, three hundred feet below. Before the road reaches this one spot it is quite wide enough to effect a sweeping turn, but just here it is very narrow and dangerous.

We were sweeping along the broad roadbed within some half-mile of this turn when something frightened the horses, and they sped away like the wind. I am a good driver, and not in the least afraid; but my mind was just then taken up with other matters, and for once in my life I lost control of my team, and before I realized the danger it was speeding on to sure death, unless a miracle intervened to prevent.

Elsie was a sensible little woman. She made no objection when I folded one arm tightly around her; and did not faint or struggle or cry out or cling to the reins, as many another woman would have done, but sat quite still, although a shiver now and again passed through the slight frame. On we dashed, nearer and nearer to the fatal turn. Only the hand of Providence could intervene now—and it did. In the nick of time, not an instant too soon, a dark object bounded upward in the very faces of the horses, who plunged and swerved to one side, tipping the light buggy over and almost turning us out. It righted again, and just on the verge of the embankment the horses stood still.

"Saved!" I murmured, and the light form encircled by my arm relaxed from its rigidity, and for an instant the sweet face was hidden on my shoulder. I realized the intoxication of that moment, brief as it was, and in the next I saw beside the buggy the dark, handsome face I knew so well, and realized that for a second time Dan had forestalled me, that but for him the light form I had held in my arms for a brief space of time would have been a bleeding corpse at the bottom of the river below.

"Oh, Dan! and it was you who saved us," she cried, for in the freedom of familiar friendship she addressed him by his Christian name.


I am not ungenerous. I try not to be. I offered my hand to Dan, and we shook hands in silence. How did he come there at that time of night? I did not inquire. It was an event easy of explanation, for he was fond of a quiet stroll, and although preferring a companion on his rambles, would not infrequently wander off alone. We wanted him to share our buggy on the homeward trip, but he refused, and walked beside it all the way back. Oh, if I had only spoken away back in the early edge of the evening, before that fatal runaway!

Dan walked along with his characteristic springy step and nonchalant air, as though the rescuing of young ladies from perilous positions was the most natural thing in life.

Of course the event of her rescue from the water had been told by Elsie to the credit of Dan, and spread like wildfire over the camp. And the news of this new adventure and gallant rescue was not long in following suit. Dan was made much of. He was greeted everywhere with expressions of praise and admiration, marks of favor which he accepted with his usual *sang froid*.

I could not sleep that night for thinking how easily I could have averted the danger of a runaway by taking some other road, and have thus avoided meeting Dan and being humiliated a second time by his brave daring. For, after all, it was a brave deed to spring in the face of the horses as he had done, and just on the edge of the precipice. One swerve the other way would have sent him whizzing down three hundred feet into the river below, and the team on top of him. But he took the chances, and the fates were in his favor, as they would always be, I told myself despondently.

After thus putting her in such a dangerous predicament,



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and it being, perforce, another than myself who had rescued her from the peril, it would be many a long day before I could summon up courage to ask her the question that was trembling upon my tongue.

Time sped along upon happy wings for all but me. And I? Well, I plunged into my profession with greater zeal than ever. I must have something to divert my thoughts.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," whispered a small voice, but I turned a deaf ear, and preferred to make myself miserable, and overwork my mind to the detriment of my body, as many another foolish mortal has done before me, instead of "daring to put it to the test, to win or lose it all," and the more I thought of it the more despondent I became.

My practice had grown to be a real duty, and I now had no time, had I possessed the inclination, to join Elsie and Dan upon their rambles. I wondered gloomily if they missed me, but was necessarily deaf to their entreaties to make one of their party.

Dan was very fond of children, and had made the acquaintance of every little one in the camp. They called him "Dan" and treated him with the familiarity characteristic of those small bits of humanity. He had a way of winning the affection of everybody, without half trying. It was not his fault, poor fellow. At first, it had been his pleasure to accompany me upon my rounds, and make acquaintance with the children, while I attended to the more serious part of the call. Now he rarely went with me.

One day I was visiting a very sick child. He had lain in a semi-unconscious state for a long time, and it seemed impossible to arouse his interest in anything. To-day he seemed a little brighter, and as I bent over the bed he looked up into my face and said faintly: "Dan! Where is he?"

"At home, my little man. Would you like to see him?" The little fellow's eyes brightened just the least bit, and he said, faintly: "Yes."

When I reached home I told Dan of the little fellow's request, and he made no objection to accompanying me upon my next visit. My little patient seemed delighted to see his old friend, and the two spent a pleasant half-hour, after which the boy began to improve, and was soon convalescent. Just the sight of the handsome face seemed to be a tonic to the little invalid. "Dan, always Dan," I murmured. And he wore his honors so easily. It would be an injustice to call him egotistical or conceited, for he was neither; yet he seemed to take all the homage offered him as his rightful portion, and as nothing more than he had a perfect right to expect from the world in general.

Nothing could be more unassuming than Elsie's treatment of him. She never seemed at all put out if I appeared upon the scene during some of their confabs. This was a woman's art, I told myself. I was fast becoming a recluse and a hypochondriac, and kept myself aloof from the little cottage, even when I could have gone there just as well as not. I became morbid upon the subject and firmly convinced that my two failures to save her life, and my seeming willingness to allow another to perform the service that ought to have been my privilege and pleasure, had disgusted her with my ability to do anything noble. That I was succeeding in my profession and making a name, though a modest one, for myself in the camp and outlying districts, did not give me a thought. I was too fully occupied with my imaginary shortcomings to let so small a trifle weigh a feather in the scale.

I worked early and late, studying long into the night, when my professional duties did not call me away from home. I ought to have known better, and if Nature had not given me warning enough, at least my professional knowledge should have taught me.

Nature tolerates no laxity with her laws. She is an inexorable mistress, and resents all violations of the rules she has laid down for our guidance. As might have been expected, I began to have headaches, "tired feelings," etc., and, as I am not addicted to the use of stimulants, I had nothing with which to brace up my system, which was fast going to waste. At last a cough took possession of me.

"This is one of Mother Nature's warnings," I had often told some obscure patient who would not follow instructions. But, in my own case, I let the warning go all unheeded.

At first it was only these hints: then it was a day or two in bed, while my patients had to wait; then it was a few days longer and a physician from the city to attend to my practice temporarily, until I was better; and after that I remember nothing, until I opened my eyes in a darkened room, and heard whispered voices and muffled footsteps about my bed. A form came and bent over me, and, although I was too weak to speak or to give evidence to having heard, I recognized the voice. It was Elsie's, and it trembled, as though she had been weeping. I heard the doctor's voice. I knew he was a physician by that instinct by which one member of a profession recognizes another. It said: "He will live." I heard a little sob and then the voice, still more shaky, say: "Dan, the doctor says he will live."

There was a movement and a face bent over me; I felt the touch of hairy lips on my own, and I knew that Dan had kissed me.

I was told afterward that he never left my bedside during the whole six weeks of my illness, excepting to go for the doctor, or upon any errand upon which my faithful nurse chose to send him; and she, dear girl, had given up her school to come here and nurse me.

Dear fellow, in the sweet hours of my

convalescence, with Elsie by my side, to minister to every want, I forgave and blessed him for the double service he had performed, in twice saving her life at the risk of his own.

It was in those days that I asked her the momentous question, and received my answer. I asked it in the presence of Dan. Why should I care? For, after all, had it not been for him I would have been worse than alone. And I have come to the conclusion that he never intended to ask her a similar question, and that if he had done so she would not have given him the answer she gave me. This for two reasons: One is that she assures me that it would never have been any one if it had not been me, and the other is that Dan is a Newfoundland Dog. ELLA FERRE.

THE GUILLOTINE.

DR. ANTOINE LOUIS THE REAL INVENTOR.

FOR one hundred years the instrument called the guillotine has gone by the name of a man who had nothing to do with its invention, and but little to do with its adoption as the legal instrument of punishment in France. The most that Dr. Guillotin did was to propose to the National Assembly a new method of execution by decapitation and the abolition of the then prevailing modes of punishment by the rack, wheel, rope and stake. The doctor merely suggested the general idea, but offered no plan for carrying it out. One of his resolutions in 1789 was "that crimes of the same kind are to be punished in the same way, whatever may be the rank of the criminal," but the mode of execution was deferred for further consideration. Two years later a decree was issued declaring decapitation to be the method of punishment by death, but the choice of instrument was not then determined.

For his service in advocating the equality of all people before the law Dr. Guillotin was unmercifully ridiculed. It is but fair to state, however, that his manner and his extravagance more than his proposals were the causes of the public derision. The Paris press was flooded with doggerel verses holding him up to scorn. In one of these squibs a spectator declares he had had his own head chopped off so skillfully that he knew nothing about it. An English version of one of the best of these verses is here given:

Guillotin,
Politician
And physician,
Bethought himself, 'tis plain,
That hanging's not humane
Nor patriotic,
And straightway showed
A clever mode
To kill without a pang—men;
Which, void of rope or stakes,
Suppression makes
Of hanging.
'Twas thought, and not in vain,
That this slim
Hippocratic limb
Was jealous to obtain
The exclusive right of killing
By quicker means than piling.
The patriot keen,
Guillotin,
The best advice to have,
Before the next debate,
Consults Coupe-Tete,
Chapelier and Farnave;
And then, off-hand,
His genius planned
That machine
That "simply" kills—that's all—
Which, after him, we call
"Guillotine."

This became very popular and the name clung for good to the instrument. Protests were not rare, however, against the indelicacy of joking upon such a subject.

In March of 1793 the final steps were taken toward a practical accomplishment of the humanitarian proposals of Dr. Guillotin. The Assembly, seeking a painless and expeditious mode of execution, called upon Dr. Antoine Louis for advice. He delivered to the Assembly a learned dissertation upon the various methods of execution by decapitation, and declared himself in favor of a chopping machine, which he was careful to state was by no means a new idea. An Italian book by Achille Bocchi, dated 1555, has an engraving of a nobleman being beheaded by the manaja, an instrument of the guillotine sort. In 1632 criminals in Languedoc were executed by a similar machine, and like instruments had been used in Persia and Scotland. Struck by the seeming adaptability of this ancient man-killer, the Assembly decreed the guillotine, the modification of the ma-

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naja as proposed by Dr. Louis, as a substitute for all other forms of execution in France. A machine was at once made and tried upon dead men and live animals. It worked to perfection.

The instrument was then at once set up in the Place de Greve, where Ravillac had been inhumanly tortured for killing Henry IV. The first public execution took place on April 25, 1792, when a bandit named Pelletier was decapitated. The *Chronique de Paris* of the following day announced: "The novelty of this mode of execution caused a considerable augmentation in the number of persons who usually witness such scenes. The machine is with good reason preferred to other modes of putting to death. One human being is not directly employed in decapitating another, and the promptness with which the operation takes place is more consistent with the spirit of the law, which is often severe, but should never be cruel."

The guillotine was not used again until August, when the first political prisoner, Louis David Collinot d'Augremont, was executed by torchlight on the 10th of that month, the day of the sacking of the Tuileries. In the midst of the horrors of the time the frivolity of the French people was strongly manifested. In the prisons the prisoners played at guillotine, not knowing but what they might become real victims on the following day. Familiarity had bred contempt, and jewelers displayed guillotines in miniature for earrings and other ornaments. It is impossible to accurately estimate the number of people who suffered death by guillotine during the Revolution. The number is certainly not less than forty thousand. In the final six weeks before the fall of Robespierre more than eleven hundred heads were decapitated. In the Place de la Concorde Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and eight thousand others were executed by the very blade now exhibited in the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's. During the Commune the old guillotine was burned by the people, and the present instrument is a new one. Sanson, the public executioner during the Reign of Terror, sold the original blade to Curtius for five thousand dollars, and he in turn sold it to his niece, Mme. Tussaud, for a much larger sum.

It was impossible to dispossess the guillotine of its unjustly acquired name. Proposals to call it the Louisine were of no avail. Although Dr. Guillotin was imprisoned for a short time during the Reign of Terror, rumor is decidedly wrong in ascribing his death to the instrument which bears his name. The unfortunate doctor lived through the Revolution and died in 1814, never ceasing to protest against the use of his name for such a purpose. Annoyed at the notoriety given them, his descendants discarded their once honorable family name. Dr. Louis, on the other hand, did not live to see the terrible deeds accomplished during the Reign of Terror by means of the machine which he had helped so largely to bring into use.

L'ABOUCHERE, in London *Truth*, objects to the word "gowned," as not first-class English. "If gowned," he asks, "why not hatted and shod? Why not, 'She was gowned in blue, hatted in black and shod in brown?' 'Gowned' may be American, but it is not English."

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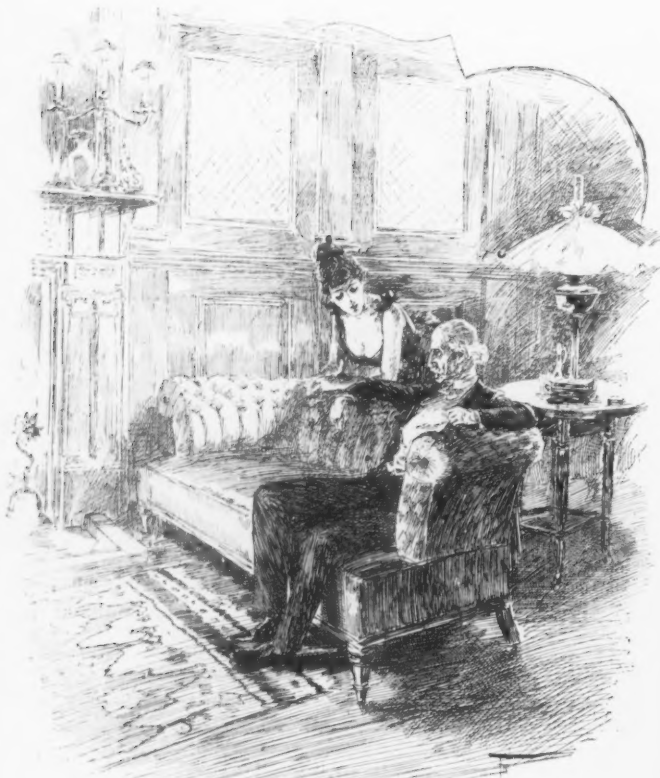
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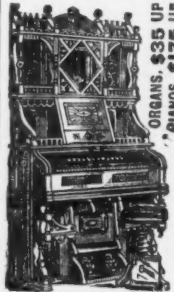
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